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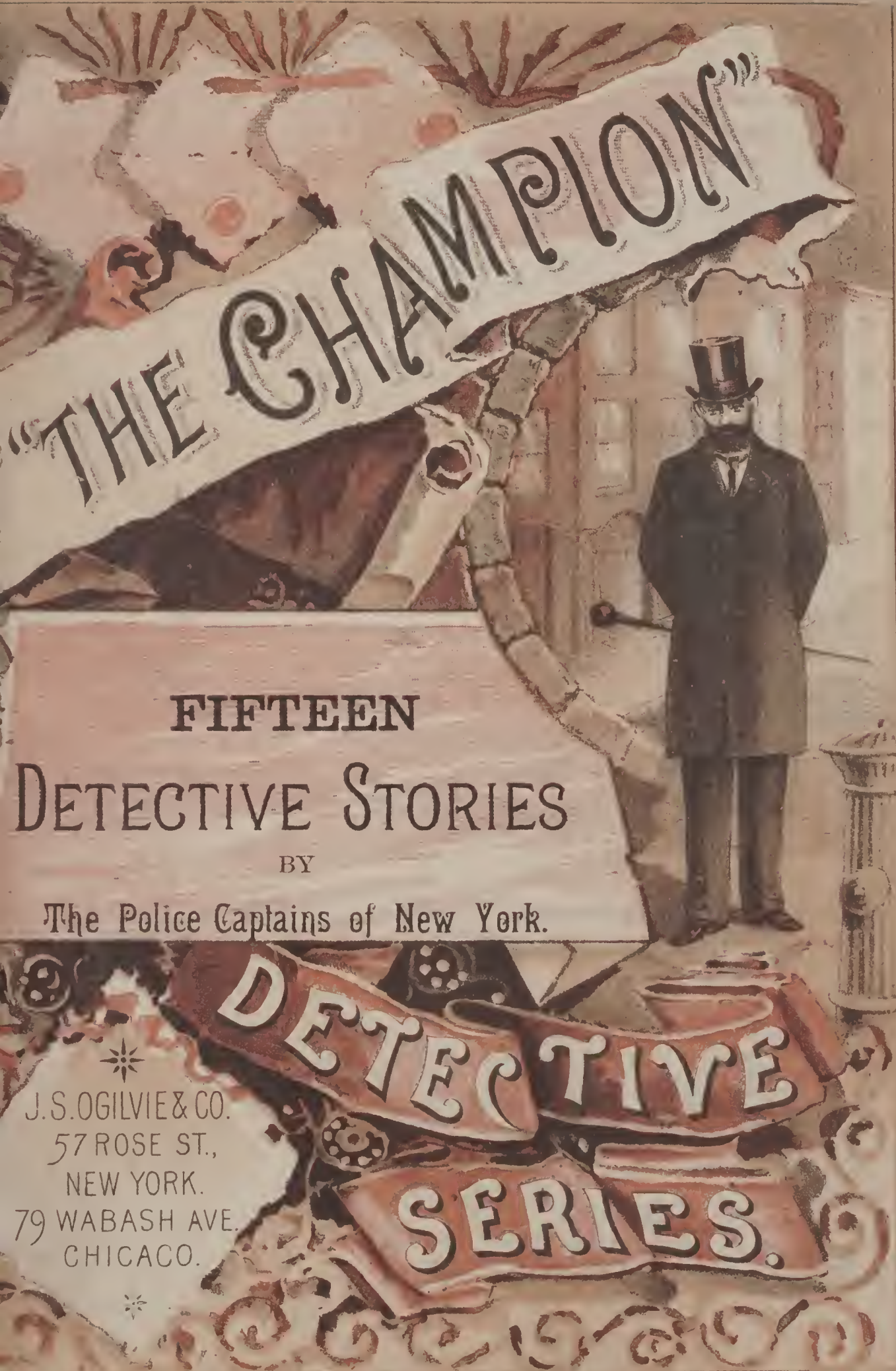
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



No. 24.



FIFTEEN
DETECTIVE STORIES

BY

The Police Captains of New York.

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J.S. OGILVIE & CO.
57 ROSE ST.,
NEW YORK.
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DETECTIVE
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PRECIOUS BUNDLE LAY."

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" DETECTIVE STORIES

BY
THE POLICE CAPTAINS
OF NEW YORK.

35
The Champion Detective Series, No. 24.

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A BOLD BURGLARY;

NINTH AVENUE'S MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN MCELWAIN.



CAPT. MCELWAIN.

OR years there has not been a cooler burglary committed than that which was worked on a jeweler's store on Ninth avenue while the lights were burning brightly in the street and crowds of people passing up and down the sidewalk.

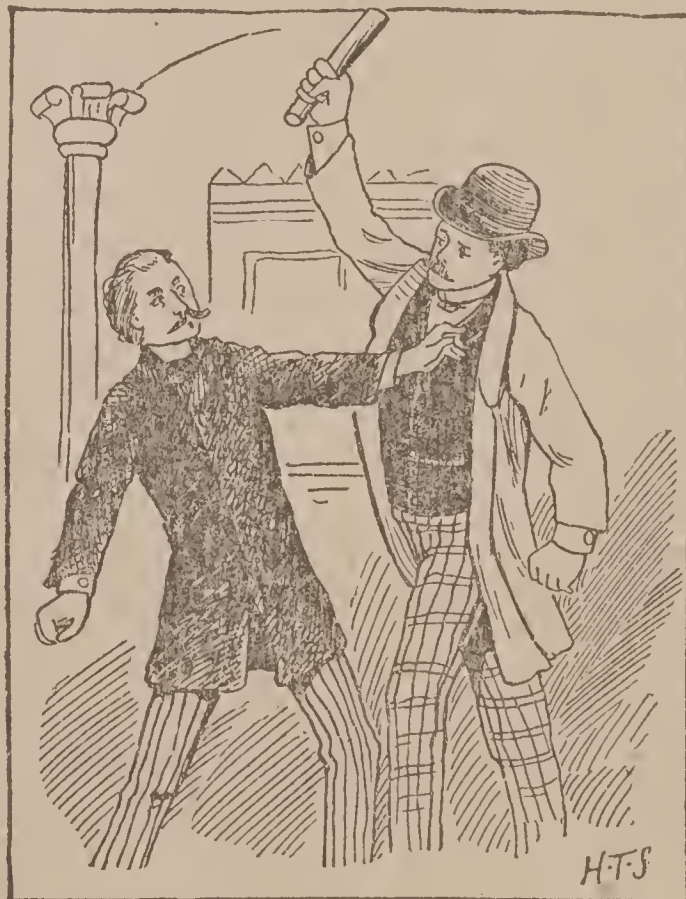
The proprietor of the store was a German, rather small and pretty good looking. The account he gave of the burglary was as follows :

“It was nearly 9 o'clock Monday night. I was about to shut up my store and had already put some money and papers into the safe. Just then two young men entered the store.

“One of them advanced towards me and said he would like to speak to me for a moment about some unset jewels which he wished to have valued. Would I step into my private office for a moment where he could show them to me without any danger. They were gems which he wished to dispose of, old family

jewels belonging to a friend who had taken them from their settings that they might not be recognized. They had been in the family for some years and anyone who had seen them would have recognized whence they came if they were left in their rich, quaint settings.

“I told the fellow I was just about to close up and



“I FELT A CRUSHING BLOW ON MY HEAD.”

would rather he would come in the morning. He told me he could not, as he had come in from a place out of town only to sell the jewels, and had timed his call so that he might find me when there would not be many customers around.

“Well, I consented to look at them, and moved back into a room off the store, where I kept my books and

where the safe stood. I entered the room and stood waiting to have the jewels produced. The man thrust his hand behind him, as if about to produce them. Suddenly he whipped his hand round, and I had barely time to see that he had drawn forth a piece of curved lead piping, when I felt a crushing blow on my head and fell to the floor stunned.

“When I came to I did not realize at first what had occurred. I felt a throbbing in my head and gradually remembered being struck by the man. Everything was dark in the store, except for the light which came in from the lamps in the street outside. I rose, lit the gas and looked about. I found I had been robbed. The safe was broken open and \$1,300 taken, and a large quantity of watches, valuable rings, earrings, studs and the like had been removed from the jewelry case. I suppose the total loss would amount to fully \$7,000.

“The thieves had turned out the gas and the door was shut but not locked. There must have been three or four of them, because it was not later than a quarter past nine and plenty of people were passing up and down outside. They could not afford to be too long, and one had to keep an eye on me, in case I came to, so as to settle me.”

This was the story the jeweler gave us.

Of course, the first thing done was to examine the man's head. He had been knocked senseless by a blow from a piece of lead pipe, yet there was no contusion on the skull, nor bruise, though there was a small lump.

It didn't seem likely that thieves would go into a store where the proprietor was, with the gas lit, at an hour when there were crowds of people streaming up

and down in front of it, rifle the jewelry cases, crack the safe and coolly walk off with the spoils, without anybody catching on to the "racket." So all the facts that the man gave were taken down, and two or three times afterwards he was asked to tell the story to different officials, and had questions put about different points as if they had not been made clear enough. But the German was not caught tripping. In fact, some of us thought that was a little suspicious in itself. It looked as if he might have learned it off by heart and have settled every point. If it had been as he said it would have been more natural that he should have thought of some circumstance that had not been noticed by him at first, or else would have made some little mistake that would have been corrected. No ; he told his story straight every time and without any variation. He was told that it would be investigated.

He was the first person to be investigated. It was ascertained that he was an unmarried man. Inquiry at the commercial agencies and among the wholesale dealers with whom jewelers have to do showed that his credit was excellent and that he was rated as a well-to-do man, though not rich.

I fancied that perhaps he had compromised some woman and resorted to a scheme to raise money without seeming to be doing it.

Across the street from the jeweler's an ex-police-man lived in the second floor over a store. He had a daughter nineteen years old. On the night in which the jeweler claimed to have been robbed the girl was sitting at the window of the front room looking out. She remarked a young man walking leisurely up Ninth avenue, and shortly afterwards she saw him coming back again with the same deliberate gait on the other

side of the street. She described the fellow to me. Stocky in his build, a slight roll in his walk, small black mustache and a short square face. Anything more particular than this she could not give, as she had not remarked the fellow very closely, since it was



“DO YOU THINK THIS IS FROM DUKE,” SAID SHE.

only on seeing him come back in the sauntering way in which he had passed up and so soon afterwards that her notice had been specially attracted.

I knew a man whom my suspicion fell on as answering this description, especially the swagger in the

walk and the short, square face. He had been a thief, afterwards became a keeper in the Tombs without abandoning his thievish propensities, and when he left the place had thieved again. His name was John Galvin and he enjoyed a most unsavory reputation, not only as one of the light-fingered gentry, but as a reckless fellow who would not hesitate to carve a piece out of a man when he got his ugly blood up.

I started out to find my brave Galvin. It was a roomy sort of a beat, as he ranged from the Battery to Forty-sixth street in his haunt. By a lucky strike I ran on him the first time I went out for the purpose. It was at a beer saloon on Forty-first street.

When I went in I saw him sitting at a table with another fellow drinking beer. I was in citizen's clothes and walked quietly up towards them, and when I got up to Galvin I said to him :

“I want you. I am an officer ! Come !”

He pushed around in his chair and scowled savagely as he said : “What the —— have I done ?”

“Up with your hands,” I said, and he held them up while I went through him. I found nothing that could criminate him and only one thing that pointed to the deed. I took him away and locked him up. He denied emphatically knowing anything at all about the Ninth avenue robbery.

The one thing which helped to confirm my suspicion that Galvin had some part in the theft was a small tag which I found in his pocket. It was of a size that would be put on some small object like a ring or watch. I went around to the jeweler's store and found that many of the articles which had been stolen had little tags of this description on them. Galvin could have

thrust several of these things in his pocket and one of the tags could easily have been pulled off.

I also found out through a policeman that on the night in which the German jeweler claimed to have been robbed a coach had been stopped at a dark place on Thirtieth street, when four men got out and separated at once, going in different directions.

This wasn't very much of a clue to work up, but I would work it. A gang of four men starting on a job like rifling a jeweler's store would be likely to go in somewhere and get a drink. I had to find out if a crowd like that, and especially one that had a coachman with them, had dropped in at a saloon and liquored up.

I found at last that on the evening of the robbery a crowd of five men, one of whom was a hackman, had driven up to a liquor saloon on Sixth avenue, below Greenwich avenue, and got out to have a drink. The barkeeper saw they were a hard crowd, and was struck by their addressing the hackman as "Duke."

Now I had to find "Duke." It was not his real name, of course, and probably it was a nickname known only to his pards. It took me six weeks to find this hackman. It is no easy job to find a hackman out of the thousands in New York when you have got nothing more definite than a nickname to track him by and a barkeeper's rambling description that would apply to eight out of ten.

Fortune came to my help, as it often does, in working up these cases. I had got pretty tired after four weeks' effort to find "Duke," without coming anywhere near him.

One night I was coming up Broadway. I passed Niblo's just as the theatre was over. They were

playing "Black Crook" or some spectacular play at the time. I was in citizen's clothes.

A man came out with a girl and they started off up the street just in front of me. The girl was a fast woman, with rouge daubed on her face and flashily dressed. She watched a woman of her own class skipping into a coupé.

"If Duke were round I'd get a lift myself," I heard her say to the fellow.

Good Heavens! after a month's seeking for Duke, was he going to come to me like a ripe plum rolling of its own weight from the tree? I walked as near as I could in order to catch what was said about Duke.

"Who's Duke?" said the fellow.

"Duke is a dandy hackman that I have a mash on," she answered. "I haven't seen him for a month now, and don't know what has become of him."

"Nell, what did you think of that girl that danced in the second act?" the fellow inquired after a moment's pause, seeming to take no further interest in Duke.

I did. Here I had been trying for weeks to find him without any satisfaction, and now I was on the scent.

I followed the two. They went over to Sixth avenue and boarded a horse car. When they got to Forty-sixth street they got out. I got off, too, and followed again till they reached a small brick house on the left hand side of the street. They went in here. I got the number and walked around till I met a policeman, whom I asked about the place. He said it had the name of being a house of ill-repute, but one of the more quiet, respectable kind.

I stepped back again to the house, and rung the bell. A negress opened the door. I stepped boldly in and

asked to see the madame. The negro women eyed me a little suspiciously, but told me to walk into the parlor.

There were two young women there. I sat down, looked at them and asked: "Is Nellie here still?"

"You bet your sweet life she is," said one of them.

"How is she?"

"Oh she's all right."

"Has that cabby shown up lately that she had the mash on?" I inquired, laughingly.

"What cabby? Jimmie McDermott?" the girl answered.

"Is that his name?" I asked, indifferently. "They call him Duke."

"I never heard him called anything but Jimmie," said the other girl. "He used to be around two months ago, but I ain't seen him round some time. Guess he's dropped."

The women who kept the place now appeared. I drew her out into the hall near the door and said to her:

"Is that little blonde here? Nellie—Nellie"—I looked up to the ceiling as if trying to recall the last name.

"Nellie Rogers, do you mean?"

"Yes; that is the name, I think. She is pretty tall and plump without being stout."

"Yes, she is here. But you can't see her now."

"All right. I'll come around again, then. Perhaps to-morrow night."

I had a plan and it suited me very well to have things turn out just as they had.

The next day I went to Brooklyn and sent a telegram to "Nellie Rogers, No. — West Forty-sixth

street." It ran as follows: "I am in a tight place. Meet me at New York end of Brooklyn Bridge tonight at 8. Telegraph to me here under real name. Duke." The telegram was dated from Suttle's Hotel, No. — DeKalb avenue.

I wanted to get the Duke's right name. It was probably Jimmie McDermott, but it was better to be sure, and not waste any more time in hunting on a chance.

I waited at Suttle's Hotel, telling the telegraph operator to give me the answer to my message as soon as it came.

Sure enough, it did come in two hours. It was addressed to "James McDermott, Suttle's Hotel, Brooklyn." Eureka! I had feared that the operator might ask me my name that he might know which message was for me. If he had done this before the telegram came, and the Duke had not proven to be James McDermott, I would have had some bother in getting the message.

He saw from the wording that the telegram was an answer to my message and called out:

"Here it is. You are Mr. McDermott, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, and, taking it read: "Will be there. Keep up a stiff lip. Nell."

So far, so good. I looked in the city directory. There were twenty-five "James McDermotts" without any middle name, and four more with one. None of them were put down as hackmen. I concluded that it would be better to get the address out of Nellie if I could.

I lounged slowly down to the New York end of the bridge in the evening, and got there about 8.05. Nel-

lie had not come, but I had only been there a few minutes when she arrived. It did not serve my purpose as well to let her know that I knew her. So I waited a little while and then walked over to her.

“Are you Nellie Rogers?” I asked.

“What’s that to you?” she said, looking at me with an angry glance.

“Why, I am here because the fellow you came to meet didn’t dare to come. He found out he was shadowed and got me to come. We are pards. He described you and said if you were the right girl you could give me his address, and then I’d be sure. Can you give his address?”

“What do you want his address for?” she asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

“What do I want it for? Why because McDer”—here I pulled myself up quickly as if the name had slipped me, and went on—“because the man who sent me to you wants me to tell you something, and I’m not to do it unless I have sure proof that you are the girl he sent for. If you can give me his address I’ll know sure that it’s all right.

“Why, its—South Fifth avenue,” said Nell sulkily. “Now, what is the matter.”

“Come along and I’ll tell you,” I said.

We walked slowly across the bridge. I saw the girl was sharp and I had to be careful not to give myself away.

“Nellie,” I said, “Jim has got into a scrape. They’ve got on to his trail about that jewelry racket on Ninth avenue.”

“What jewelry racket?” she asked, looking up innocently.

“Ah, there! How much did that emerald ring

cost that you've got on your finger? You are a daisy, but I'd drop that bluffing, if I were you. We'll get along smoother."

"So you think this is from Duke, and that he cribbed it?" she asked, laughing, as she held it up and looked at it.

It was a large stone of very pure water, in a heavy gold setting.

"Do you think he's a Vanderbilt to buy rings like that, even for his best girl?" said I, with a grin. "Well, they've dropped on him, he thinks, and he wants you to keep some of the jewelry. I'll get it and bring it to you."

"Hold on, now; you don't rope me in receiving stolen goods," cried Nellie. "Let Duke stow 'em away somewhere if he's afraid to let his wife keep 'em. If that's all I can do for him, why, that settles it. I won't."

She was stubborn, and I could not worm any admission out of her. She had not said anything certain about the emerald ring, even.

I let her go. I hurried over to New York and went to Duke's place. It was a small back apartment. His wife was sewing on a pair of breeches.

I inquired if McDermott was in. No. Where was he? He'd gone out. She didn't know where. Well, could he come to the Sixth Avenue Hotel to take one to the Forty-second street depot? No. He'd sold his hack, and didn't drive now. When did he sell his hack? Four weeks ago. I said I would wait till he came home, because I wanted to see him anyhow. At about eleven o'clock he came in and I arrested him. He denied all knowledge of the thing. Yes. He might have left some young men on Thirtieth street.

He done that often enough. Young men were often left in that neighborhood. He knew nothing about the robbery except what he had read in the papers.

McDermott was kept from Thursday till Sunday on bread and water and away from everybody. Sunday morning he weakened and sent for me.

"I'll squeal," he said. "D—— it. I didn't get much out of the thing, and the others haven't treated me square."

I had him brought to the station-house. The sergeant was at the desk and an officer in the adjoining room to hear what he said.

"You dropped on the right man, Captain," he said; "John Galvin put up the job. There were four in it besides myself. I drove them to Thirtieth street, and waited at Twenty-seventh to take them away. Galvin cracked the jeweller on the head, and we cleaned out the place in about twenty minutes. When you collared Galvin the others lit out. I don't know where they are, nor what they did with the jewelry. I got three or four rings and a watch. I gave that green ring to Nellie Rogers."

Galvin was tried, convicted and sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in Sing Sing. He looked at me when they were taking him away as savage as a mad dog and said:

"You ——— ——— ——— ———, I'll cut the heart out of you for this."

I went up to Sing Sing two years afterwards, and found he was gone. He had shammed insanity, got to the State Asylum and from there escaped. Duke got off for having turned State's evidence, and the other three were not caught. Nor was the jewelry recovered except Duke's share. Nellie Rogers had a nice little

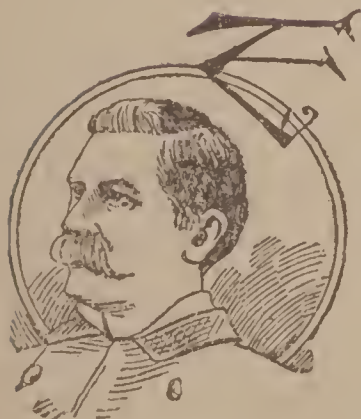
talk with me when she found out what I had done. Her remarks were more forcible than elegant.

I have never seen or heard of Galvin since. Of course he doesn't dare to show up in New York, but if I am ever found with a knife in me it will probably be his. He is not a forgiving fellow.

PASQUALE MORINO.

A TALE OF "LITTLE ITALY."

BY POLICE CAPTAIN WEBB.



CAPT. WEBB.

OR some days there was a great deal of mystery about the death of Pasquale Morino. No theory that was advanced in regard to it was at all satisfactory, and the only one which seemed any way plausible had weak points in it. Pasquale was an Italian ragpicker. He was a low-browed, heavy-looking fellow, with a little black mustache, black eyes, and large teeth, very white and regular. He was married to a handsome girl who was a bit of a shrew. The neighbors used to hear them talking away in Italian to each other in the hurried, declamatory way that Italians have, but they never got as far as blows.

They lived in one of the tenement-houses near Mulberry street, in "Little Italy." It was a big six-story house, which stood in the rear of another, the exact counterpart of it. A little court, paved with blue flags, was between the two houses. The stones were dark and greasy. The fire-escape landings were occupied

with different goods, according to the taste of the family that lived within. In two or three there were withered-looking flowers, or rather plants, because they seldom bloomed. They didn't get the right kind of nourishment out of the mephitic air that rose between the two houses.

On Pasquale's balcony was a grimy old mattress and a dingy coverlid was flung over the rail. In the summer nights Pasquale used to throw himself down here and go to sleep under the sky. Several of his male neighbors passed the night so. He found it cooler than in the stuffy room, which was dirty and full of an unhealthy smell. Mme. Pasquale used to do washing, but she had her tub in the little court, where four or five other women were near by with their tubs. It was more sociable for them to wag their tongues together while they swashed the linen round in the soap-suds and wrung it.

There lived in the same building down on the first floor, another Italian who was a musician. He ground an organ and pulled a mangy little monkey around the streets. The monkey was held by a very long string, so that he could clamber up over the blinds or door-posts and show his ugly face at the windows on the second floor, as he held out his dingy red cap.

The name of the monkey's master was Giovanni Scalza. He was a much better looking fellow than Pasquale, who had, as I say, a low-browed, sulky expression. When Giovanni came home in the evening after making the round of the streets, he would count up his pennies, tie them up in an old sock, which he kept hid in his mattress, stack his organ in the corner, fasten the monkey in the basement and go up to the Morinos'.

He didn't go so much for Pasquale's sake as he did for Mme. Chiara's. He liked to talk to the sprightly little woman, and look at her handsome gold earrings, which were heavy and solid.

Pasquale did not like it, and if Giovanni showed up on some day of bad luck in the ragpicking business, he wasn't received in the most hospitable delight. Still,



DISCOVERED BY PASQUALE.

Giovanni didn't give him much that he could find fault with, and so long as Chiara was sociable didn't mind Pasquale's grumpiness.

But one evening when Pasquale had been at a cheap hash-house in the neighborhood and had "filled up" on beer, he came home, climbed up the narrow, dark,

wooden stairs, and when he opened the door saw the elegant Giovanni holding Chiara in his arms, kissing her ! His wife's face was turned towards the door, and she saw her husband. She pushed Giovanni away and called him a fool in Italian. But she didn't seem so very angry, after all.

Pasquale was mad enough for both. He had been feeling pretty jealous over Giovanni's visits to his wife, but there was nothing he could lay hold of to make a row about. But this was his chance.

He uttered an ejaculation, rushed into the room, seized his rival by the collar, and dragging him to the top of the stairs helped him to descend them with a good kick. Giovanni went stumbling down, preserving himself from any severe injury by clutching at the baluster.

Pasquale was a heavier, stronger man than Giovanni, and the latter only hurled a volley of Neapolitan expletives and curses at him, and threatening to get even, went muttering down to his room. Two or three of the lodgers met him and heard him cursing Pasquale. They guessed how the ground lay, and laughed at him.

Every morning Pasquale used to get up at 4 o'clock, drink his cheap coffee and eat a big piece of bread, so that he could go out with his garbage-hook and bag to make the round of the ash-barrels before the garbage man came around at 7 o'clock.

The garbage hook was a piece of iron that looked a good deal like a poker. The end of it was turned in at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that Pasquale could poke about in the dust heaps or ash-barrels and fish out any "find" that he might strike.

Well, the next morning Pasquale got up, drank his

coffee, and taking his professional implements, went out to ply his vocation.

At the corner of Rutgers street and East Broadway a policeman met him trudging along with his sulky look. The policeman was near the end of his beat, which was one street further north. He walked on to this street and then turned back after standing a few moments. But at that time of the day, though it was summer-time and bright enough there was nothing doing and he saw no passer-by.

So the policeman turned back, and when he had gone two and a half squares and had nearly reached Monroe street, on Rutgers, he saw something that surprised him.

There on the sidewalk, flat on his back, with his hook by his side not far from his right hand, and his bag at his feet, lay Pasquale Morino, stone dead.

The policeman stirred him and shook him, but though the body was warm Pasquale was utterly done for. There was no heart beat, no pulse.

He bore only one mark of violence on his person. This was a wound in the right eye, in the corner near the nose. The hole was about the size of a 22-calibre pistol bullet. There was a good deal of blood on his face, but nowhere else. His clothes, his hands, his sack, showed no blood stains.

It seemed simple enough. Pasquale Morino had been shot dead. But the policeman, who was only a few blocks away at the time, had not heard any shot. Was it possible for him to have been so preoccupied as not to notice the sharp crack of a pistol a few blocks away on that quiet summer morning?

Stranger still, inquiry through the neighborhood showed that nobody had heard any pistol-shot that

morning. The stores were not open at that hour of the day. The only one was a small store where a milkman from across the river used to leave milk which was distributed in trifling quantities to the families in the neighborhood. Two boys, one fourteen and the other eleven, used to carry it around. The



THE FATAL BLOW.

proprietor was there at the time of Pasquale's taking off; he was not a square away, and yet he had not heard the shot!

Moreover, when the doctor probed the wound he didn't find the bullet. He saw that the hole was two inches deep, so that it reached into the brain. There

was no trace of gunpowder on the eyelids or nose of the unfortunate Italian, so the shot was not fired from close by. But if the bullet got in two inches and Pasquale fell on his back, as he was found, how could it have fallen out?

The dead man's skull showed no contusion or fracture, so he was not killed by his fall. The sidewalk was searched thoroughly and the gutter carefully examined. But there was no bullet in Pasquale's head and none outside of it in the near neighborhood.

It did not seem plausible that a man should be shot by a pistol that was noiselessly discharged and with a bullet that disappeared as soon as it had reached the brain. But there was the round hole which marked the passage of a 22-calibre bullet two inches into Pasquale Morino's head.

Well, if the ragpicker had been shot, who was the assassin? Inquiry led to the fact that the Morinos, if not on any better terms with each other than husband and wife need to be, stood tolerable well with their neighbors. There was only one way that any suspicion pointed. This was towards Giovanni Scalza.

There were three witnesses who testified to meeting him on the stairs the night before, muttering angry things to himself. To one who had asked him what was the matter he had only replied by a curse, coupled with Pasquale's name.

Mme. Morino admitted that her husband had rather roughly sent Giovanni Scalza about his business the evening before.

But the strongest point against Giovanni was this: One of the Italians who slept on the fire-escape balcony had been awake when Pasquale left the house. He had not been gone two minutes when he also saw

Giovanni Scalza slip out of the basement, with only a shirt and trousers on, and leave the court. He had not thought anything of it, and had turned over and gone to sleep again.

At 6 o'clock another inmate of the tenement-house in "Little Italy," on going out into the court, found that Beppo, Giovanni Scalza's monkey, had broken loose and was wandering around the place. He clutched the string and piled him into Giovanni's room. The bed was empty and the clothes in disorder. This last proved nothing as they were always so. But while he was tying up the monkey Scalza came in, and, tumbling on the bed, pulled the clothes up over his heap, and the man saw him trembling under them slightly for a moment or two.

Hence this was established: Pasquale Morino had cuffed and kicked Giovanni Scalza for acting in too lover-like a way with his pretty wife, Chiara. Scalza had been very angry and threatened to get even with Pasquale. He had slipped out of the house a few minutes after him on the next morning. He returned an hour later trembling, and Pasquale was found dead in Rutgers street with a round hole in his head, the diameter of a 22-calibre pistol bullet.

Giovanni said he had been restless during the night, and went off in the morning to one of the East River docks to cool himself off with a bath. He was not accustomed to bathing. In fact, it was developed on the cross-examination that he had never done this before. But this was why he was so lightly clad, not because he had risen in a hurry to follow Pasquale.

"Who said you were in a hurry to follow Pasquale?" asked the counsel whom the Court had assigned to the case, with a sharp look at the jury.

He had been too long in the water, and when he came home was still trembling with the cold and shot into bed quickly to get warm.

Unfortunately, Giovanni could not prove an *alibi*. No one had seen him take his alleged bath. The dock which he picked out as the one where he had taken his swim was one where a policeman had been lurking at that very time, on the lay for a pack of river thieves.

The officer swore that no one had come near the dock and taken a swim that morning.

Giovanni shrugged his shoulders and said it must have been some other; he wasn't sure about the dock.

The case did not look very favorable for Giovanni. The lawyers on each side argued eloquently. One contended that there was no reasonable doubt but that Giovanni Scalza was a red-handed murderer, who had followed his victim, slain him through a revengeful passion on account of the hustling he had received, came back trembling with fear over his own wicked deed and told a plausible story which had been proven a lie.

The other argued that there was a little ill-will between the men, which was much greater on Pasquale's side than Giovanni's. The latter was known to be a quiet, well-behaved fellow who used to go to mass every Sunday and to confession regularly. The murdered man was not even proven to be murdered. He was found dead, with an unexplained wound. He might have been struck in the eye with a stone and have fallen and died of congestion of the brain from the shock. No intelligent jury could condemn a man for murder because somebody died while he was engaged in the cleanly, praiseworthy operation of taking a bath.

At this juncture of affairs, something new turned up. It was a small boy who had reported to a roundsman a conversation he had chanced to hear between two other boys. The roundsman asked what the boys had said.

“ ‘They was talkin’ over ’bout an I-talyan wot they hed been havin’ fun with. The big feller sez to th’ other; ‘Jimmie,’ sez he, ‘that I-talyan would ’a dropped on yer if I hadn’t ’a bluffed him wid der broomstick.’ ”

“ ‘Yer right,’ said the smaller boy. ‘He was off his nut ’cause he got clipped on der leg wid der stone.’ ”

The smaller boy was brought to the station, and I questioned him before the detectives. I told him the Italian they had worried was dead, and that if he didn’t tell me how it was done it would be worse for him. The little chap was thoroughly scared and told the whole thing. He and the other boy were the lads employed to carry the milk around to the families in the neighborhood. They were lounging around the store when Pasquale showed up and began to investigate the contents of an ash-barrel a short way off.

They gayed and worried the man till he got pretty mad. One of them shied a stone along the sidewalk and it hit Pasquale on the ankle. It hurt him and he ran over towards the boys, jabbering at them in Italian. The bigger one raised the broom he had been sweeping with and aimed a pretty strong blow at the ragpicker’s head with the handle. Pasquale threw up his garbage-hook in front of him to ward it off. The iron was pointing towards him, and the blow was strong enough to drive the round iron of the part that was bent in, about two and a half inches long, straight into his right eye.

It pierced his brain, he uttered a groan and dropped to the sidewalk dead, his hook falling from his hand.

The boys, although they did not appreciate the injury they had inflicted, got frightened and ran away. They had not heard of his death and supposed he got over his pain and went away.

This was a seasonable relief for Giovanni. It made his bath story seem all right. The boys were tried and a verdict of accidental homicide returned against them.

It was quite a mystifying case, because, although the circumstantial evidence against Scalza was pretty strong, the absence of the bullet and the fact that nobody had heard any shot made things puzzling. The grease and dirt on the hook had prevented the blood from sticking to it so although it was examined as a matter of course, no one had dreamt that Pasquale Morino had met his fate by his garbage-hook held in his own hand.

CAPTAIN LEW.

A BUCCANEER OF THE BAY.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN E. O. SMITH.



CAPTAIN E. O. SMITH.

A-TA, you infernal devil !”

A cheerful sort of “good-night” to be cast at one. It came fresh and vigorous, but in hollow tones, from under one of the North River piers, one of those summer nights when the sky is a blue-black and the air along the river is very pleasant. But in there under the dock it was black as jet, and the voice sounded along the network of the piles and underpinning in a ghostly sort of way.

It came from a young rascal of a river marauder who was destined to carry things with a still higher hand before he got through working the North River.

At this time he was a fellow of twenty-six years of age, of a compact, wiry physique, light brown mustache and the coldest gray eye that was ever stuck in man’s or woman’s head. He was very strong and active, and absolutely fearless. Except for this repelling, cold look in the eye and a sharp-cut, pitiless mouth,

Lewis Wallace would have been an engaging chap, the kind that makes inroads in young women's hearts.

He already had a history. He was the only son of a prosperous New Brunswick ship-chandler, who had accumulated a handsome sum of money but was very close fisted. Lew was a pretty fast young fellow, and used to make things howl when he would get his salary and break loose on the town with some of his boon companions. He had so much force and vim about him that he controlled them pretty thoroughly, and he put the pace of the whole team at a lively running.

He had been engaged to a pretty girl of the place, who was to come into a handsome fortune when her father died. But as Lew's exploits got noised about the old gentleman tried to freeze him out, and the girl held on with a good deal of doubt.

One winter night he took her sleigh-riding. When they got five miles out in the country he was so full that he banged up against a mile-stone with the cutter, made kindling wood of it and landed his best girl in a snow-drift, knee deep.

Lew gave the horse a vicious cut with his whip when he saw the sleigh was ruined, and letting him tear along the road, staggered back to town with the girl.

This was the last straw on the camel's back. She threw him over. Lew was not one of the kind to waste any energy in mourning over the disaster that could not be repaired, but he felt vexed at slipping up on the boodle, which would have enabled him to live the life he liked.

Some months later he had contracted a pile of gambling debts. One of these was to a desperate crook, who insisted on prompt payment. Lew uttered

a forged note on his father for \$100. The old man spotted it and bounced his son on the spot, like a Spartan. He never entered his father's house but once after. Then it was at night and without any



HE FIRED AT US REPEATEDLY.

invitation from the father. He called with a friend and relieved the old man of several hundred dollars which he had in the house.

Lew became a river thief. Many of his old associates had been on the border line of criminality and two or

three were considerably over it. The notion took his fancy. He was soured by his "bad luck," as he called it, and liked the adventure and lawlessness of this new pursuit.

On the night in question he had been pulling up the river, hugging the shore. In the prow of his boat a gleam of tin showed he had been "lifting" something. Our boat with two men and myself manning it gave chase. But he was as quick as a weasel, and spotted us as soon as we did him.

He shot under the dock and shouted the above salutation as our boat came near. We poked around in the gloom as well as we could. Finally we found his boat upside down. Lew had slipped us. He had sprung from the gunwale of his boat up among the rafters and wound his way along through them like a rat and got away.

It wasn't very amusing to see the young rascal so cheeky and so slippery, and it was a good deal of satisfaction to run him down three weeks later over on the Brooklyn side. We were lying in the shadow of a dock and he rowed right across the front of our boat. We pulled for him. He popped away at us with his pistol, but hit nobody.

We nabbed him, and my brave Lew got run in for the first time in his criminal career. He got sent up for a year.

Imprisonment didn't do him a bit of good. He wasn't the kind that reforms easily. When he got loose he took to his old tricks again. And here comes in a chapter of romance in his career. He used to go to some of the towns along the Sound and work them and skip out.

One of these expeditions brought him to New Lon-

don. Near this city was a rich farmer. Lew wanted to make a good job of this, and resolved to get into the house in some way. He presented himself to Mr. Reese, and asked for work as a stable hand. His appearance was in his favor, for he looked honest, and had an air of simple frankness about him. He was engaged by Mr. Reese.

He probably meant to stay around the house only long enough to learn where the old gentleman kept his money and any valuables. But the second morning after he was there a young girl came tripping down to the stable, and asked the new hand to hitch her pony into the village cart. She was a pretty girl, eighteen years old, with a high color and handsome eyes. The new hand sized her up pretty closely, and concluded to make love to her. Instead of working his plan to rob the house, he conceived the idea of stealing the girl's heart.

It wasn't such a hard job. Lew exerted himself to make an impression. He was very attentive to the girl, and tried to make things comfortable for her whenever she drove out. Everything he did was done in the most respectful way, but with an air of deference.

He was a good-looking fellow and strong, while his ways were winning when he chose to make them so. Whether he really loved the girl, or simply thought it would be a fat thing to capture her with the chance of getting Mr. Reese's money cannot be known. Lew was such a cold-blooded fellow, that it was as likely to be the second as the first, and any feeling he might have had for the girl was certainly more passion than deep-seated affection, of which he was incapable. Subsequent events showed that if he ever cared for her, it was a short-lived thing with him.

Bessie Reese used to take drives oftener than ever, and she never hurried Lew about getting the pony into the village cart. It used to take him a long time to look after the buckles and to polish the pony off. Bessie got to passing remarks with the stable hand, and finally got to running down to the stable on one excuse or another, even when she didn't want the horse. She would forget her gloves, or have some question to ask about the pony. She generally chose a time when Mr. Reese was away for these little expeditions.

Lew caught on to all these little things, and kept the interest up. "Wallace, where do you come from?" Miss Bessie asked him one day when she had returned from a drive, and was lingering about after the pony had been put away.

This was just the chance Lew wanted. He told her a beautiful story. His father was a rich man who had wanted him to marry the daughter of a wealthy friend and go into business. He had refused. He did not love the girl, and he wouldn't marry a woman unless he loved her. Oh, no, never! This had excited his father's wrath, and he threatened to turn him adrift if he would not assent to the marriage. The old man was ambitious and had no feeling.

It was pretty hard to be cut off when he had been used to a life of pleasure and to having his own way. Yes. But he did not love the girl, and that settled it. His father turned him out, and Lew, in his indignation, had taken the first position that offered itself, and was glad to humiliate his father by doing menial work.

"I do not regret it," said Lew, "and I am very glad I got this place with—your father." This, with an ardent glance at Miss Bessie. "I did not think I should find things so pleasant, miss. I beg you will

not reveal my secret. I do not know how I came to tell it to you, only you are so good and considerate. Please do not let anyone else know anything of it. I assure you I am quite contented. I couldn't have got a place that would have suited me so well as looking after your pony for you, Miss Bessie."

For reasons not hard to conjecture Miss Bessie was rather glad to know that the young stable hand was not born to his lowly lot. It was not long before the young woman had prevailed on her indulgent father to promote Wallace to the position of groom, and he used to drive her around the roads in the neighborhood in great style.

Lew was watching the girl as a cat would a mouse. He didn't like to say anything that would spill all his fat into the fire through being too previous. By a sort of tacit agreement whenever they were around the house, especially when Mr. Reese was about, Lew had all the primness of the correct young groom, and the young woman would give him her order in a cool, indifferent way. But when they got out on the quiet country road, where there was little passing by, Bessie used to talk very familiarly with the young man.

One day, after they had been talking while the pony was resting under the shade of an overhanging tree, Bessie exclaimed: "Why, Wallace, we are very much of the same station in life aren't we?"

Lew grabbed at the chance this afforded. In telling the story to Bessie his object had been to make her feel more at her ease in any advances he might feel inclined to make. But all at once he saw he could work it to better advantage still.

"Yes, Miss Bessie," he said. "If I thought you realized that I might tell you something. But you

must feel as if I were only your groom, only a servant."

"No, I don't. I know you need not do such work unless you choose. What did you want to tell me?"

Lew proceeded to tell her then and there. It was the old story, one that has been told ten thousand thousand times, and yet the one a woman loves to hear the best.

Bessie Reese undoubtedly loved the fellow, and even if she had thought him only a groom, was probably so much taken with him that she would have done what she did do. This was to steal away from the house Monday night with Lew. He had persuaded her to have all her valuables sent on to New York in three or four trunks, which had been expressed without old Mr. Reese knowing anything about it. They came to the city and got married the first thing after breakfast on the day they arrived.

Old Mr. Reese was furious. Bessie wrote and told him her story. He asked for the name of Lew Wallace's father, and that Lew declined to give. Well he might, after forging that gentleman's name and relieving him of several hundred dollars and some valuable plate. Then Mr. Reese refused to see or communicate with his daughter. "She has made her bed, let her lie in it," he said, savagely.

The old gentleman had a great passion for the water and owned a fast sloop yacht. He had spent much of his time on it in the summer months, and now that his daughter's flight had left him alone and miserable he used to cruise about more than ever on the *Undine*.

One dark night, some two months after Bessie's elopement, a boat rowed up to the yacht as she was lying at anchor off New London. Most of the crew

had gone ashore, and there were only a few men on board. Suddenly these few found themselves overcome and gagged by the men who had boarded the yacht. It was late at night and very dark. The men who boarded her wore black masks, so their faces were not visible. They weighed anchor, tied the hands and feet of the crew together, and left them at a little distance inland on an uninhabited part of the Long Island shore of the Sound. They made their way back to the shore, and succeeded in attracting the attention of a fishing schooner, which picked them up.

Nothing was heard of the stolen yacht. A dozen men wearing masks had boarded the boat and overpowered them and left them on the shore. That was all they could tell. One young, wiry fellow had commanded the crew, but he had spoken his orders in a studiously false pitch of voice. It was too high to be natural and he evidently had assumed it to disguise his real tones.

Nothing was ever heard of the *Undine*, and the opinion began to be held that the thieves had taken from her everything that was valuable and then sunk her. Otherwise why had she never been seen anywhere?

Bessie Reese, now Mrs. Lew Wallace, was placed by her husband in a cheap Brooklyn boarding-house on Clark street. She was happy at first, poor thing! until Wallace's fancy for her had worn off, which it did with wonderful rapidity. He was away a good deal, and especially at nights. He offered no explanation of this except that he had things to look after.

Finally one day when Bessie reproached him a little for his neglect he said to her, in an ugly way: "Look here, you wouldn't like to know what I do. You're comfortable here, ain't you? You go ahead and have

a good time and I'll pay your bills for you. That's what a husband is for, isn't it?"

"Lew, that doesn't seem quite like what you told me at home about you never marrying a girl unless you loved her?" said Bessie, reproachfully.

Wallace had probably half forgotten his story, but these words recalled it and he guffawed at his wife's seriousness.

"Why, Bess," he said, "I never was bounced by my father for not marrying any girl. That was a little bluff game to fetch you down and make you free and easy with the stable boy. Ha, ha, ha!"

The rascal thoroughly enjoyed his own villainy. Bessie's eyes flashed as she said: "What are you? A thief?"

"Shouldn't wonder if that is what some people might call me. If it would be a comfort for you to know, yes, I am a thief and a pretty good one, too. Now that it's understood, the less there is said about it the better. Your old dad would not be as likely to do the handsome by you if he knew it. If you get him to forgive you, we can set up as nice, honest people, if I ain't dropped on before that."

It was pretty hard on the girl. But she clung to the one hope that he loved her. One day when he had showed up at the boarding-house after a week's absence (he gave out that he was with a New York business house and had to travel a good deal as an excuse for his absences to the people of the house) she said to him:

"Lew, tell me truly, do you love me?"

Wallace looked at her, and said, after a moment's pause, with a cruel smile: "Well, to give you a straight tip, I don't believe I do."

When he returned to the boarding-house, after three days' absence, his wife was gone. Soon after he left the place himself.

This was two weeks before old Mr. Reese's yacht *Undine* had been stolen and subsequently disappeared.

Some time later robberies along the coast of the Sound began to be frequent. Houses in the rich towns lying on the Connecticut coast were most skillfully robbed and no trace found of the thieves. Robberies also were more frequent on the steamboats and craft that lay at docks along the North River.

After a while watchers on the case began to find that a black sloop was frequently seen in the neighborhood of the robberies. Her name was "*Satan*," rather an ominous title to sail under. Her owner was a young Englishman, they said, who claimed to be cruising about for his pleasure. An Englishman has a sort of right to be eccentric, but the eccentricity of the *Satan* and its owner looked to a good many as if it was crookedness.

During the Summer two law students put in a good deal of their time boating along the Palisades on the Hudson. There were camping out on the Jersey shore. They noticed a rakish-looking black sloop that used to heave up stream and then drift down pretty late at night. The suspicions of one of these lawyers became aroused and he told me of this queer craft. It was the *Satan*. Well, the way the boat was carrying on was enough to warrant explanation from her owners, and I determined to get it.

I had coupled in my own mind a few rumors and reports which I had got about the sloop *Satan* with the disappearance of Mr. Reese's yacht *Undine*. One bright Summer afternoon the two lawyers came down:

the river rowing in their boat, and told me that the *Satan* had dropped anchor up the river, and was lying off Fort Lee.

Our own boat steamed up the stream very soon after that to see if we could find out something more about the craft. We steamed slowly by. There she was, sure enough, lying as lightly as a rose-leaf on the water. She was a trim, rakish-looking craft, entirely black, with "*Satan*" in red letters on her prow. Everything was very quiet on board. I swung up on the New York side of the river, and when we got opposite to her, dropped a boat down on the starboard, so that our steamer hid it from the *Satan*, and let the men row a little off, still concealed by our boat. I had got into the boat myself. The steamer had not stopped at all. Then we pulled a good, easy stroke towards the Jersey shore, somewhat above the black craft.

Nobody was about except a young man who was stretched out in a steamer chair under the awning asleep. The steps were drawn up, but we fastened a rope ladder to her and climbed aboard.

The deck was not as neat as the deck of a pleasure yacht usually is and things were lying around in an untidy way.

We stepped noiselessly along. I left two men at the steps going into the cabin to capture any one coming up and went over to the man asleep in the chair. One glance was enough: The "young Englishman cruising for his pleasure" was Lew Wallace, forger, river thief and accomplished buccaneer, the Capt. Kidd of New York Bay.

His hands were folded on his lap. One of the men with me lifted them very gently, and I slipped a pair of bracelets on them.

Lew woke up as the cold iron of the handcuffs touched his wrists. His gray eyes opened and fell full on my face. He did not give the faintest start. There was not even a flicker of the eyelids. Not that he seemed dazed. It was sheer nerve. If he had been talking with me for half an hour, and had simply chanced to turn his eye on me, he could not have had a calmer, more possessed look. The fact was, he had grasped the situation at once.

He glanced at the handcuffs and said to me :

“What the hell does this mean?”

“Nothing, except that we want to know a little about the *Satan*, where she cruises and what you do. Neat boat, isn't it?” I answered.

“Find out all you can,” he answered. “I'm sailing around for fun, like several other New York gentlemen.”

The *Satan* was searched. A lot of rope, several anchors, sails, binnacles and other ship fittings were found on her. Wallace said he had picked them up from sailing vessels, which had supplied themselves with new articles of the several kinds, and were glad to sell the old ones cheap.

Mr. Reese came on to see the *Satan*. The *Undine* was a snowy white, but he was ready to swear it was his boat, repainted, overhauled and with some alterations made in her. Two or three of his neighbors thought the *Satan* was very like the *Undine*, but could not swear to the two being the same boat.

Finally, one of Lew's men “squealed” and told the story. Lew had got together a crowd of them, and they had stolen his father-in-law's yacht. They had carried paint with them, and whipped her off to a quiet place and put a new coat of paint on her. Then they

had cruised around the Bay and Sound, stealing from ships and houses in the rich towns along the shore of the Sound and on Staten Island. Some of the rope was identified through a peculiar thread which the owners had had woven into the strands for purposes of identification, but that was all that could be proven.

Mr. Reese had never seen or heard of his daughter Bessie since she eloped with the groom, who had subsequently become a gay buccaneer. He was a sensitive old man, and hated publicity.

Bessie had an interview with her husband after he was hauled up. She had not ceased to care for him, and her troubles had not wasted her. She had really grown prettier. Lew was drawn to her when he saw her again. Perhaps her fidelity had some effect on him. He had made \$60,000 or \$70,000 by his career, and was more willing to give it up and gratify his roaming taste by traveling than to be sent to prison again—a very bitter fate for him, with his passion for roaming.

The fact is that Bessie saw her father, and Lew was not brought to justice. No complaint was made against him, and there was not enough evidence to convict him without any accusers. So the thing was hushed up.

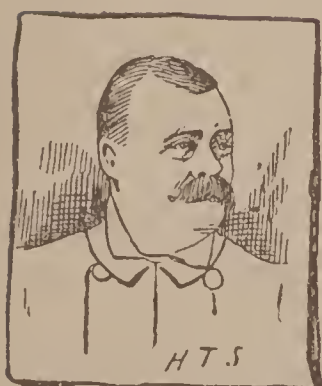
The *Satan* was repainted and sold by Mr. Reese. "Capt." Lew, of the bay, has not been heard from since as a buccaneer.

The pleasant part of the story is that Bessie Reese and her husband, Lew, are, if report be true, living together in a very happy way. They travel about in Europe a good deal. The only thing needed to round up the story is for old Mr. Reese to forgive his daughter and make her an heiress. Will he?

A CUBAN INSURGENT.

AT THE END OF A SMALL CLUE.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN McDONNELL.



CAPT. McDONNELL.

ONE afternoon at the station-house the Sergeant told me that a man wished to speak with me. I told him to bring him in. A moment later a middle-sized man, with a thin black beard and small eyes, entered the room. He carried a bag with him such as peddlers use to hold their wares.

He slung into the room looking very pale and scared and stood before me.

"Well, my good man, what do you want to see me for," I inquired.

"Cap'n," he answered in a trembling voice, "the Chinaman who kept the restaurant on Wooster street has been killed!"

"How did you find it out?" I asked him.

"I go there sometimes to get rice and hash," the peddler replied. "This afternoon about 5 o'clock I went down the steps and into the basement where John keeps. Cap'n, I didn't see him at first and thought he

had gone out. But I looked around, for it's kind of dark in there and you can't see very well without there's a light, and there was John lying on his side. He was half doubled up. He was all over blood, and his head was smashed.

"I spoke to him. He didn't hear because he was dead," continued the man. "I felt of him, and he was pretty cold already and getting stiff. So I came here right off to tell you."

I got the name and address of the peddler and then went over to the place where the Chinaman kept his restaurant. It was in the neighborhood of Spring street. I knew the place very well, and had often seen the Chinaman around the door. He had kept a cheap hash-house and did not do a very large business, though some of the draymen and drivers used to drop in and get a plate of boiled rice and gravy.

He was a quiet, inoffensive fellow and very sociable in his ways. But he never used to lose his temper when the men would chaff him and say things to him. He would move about attending to business, or sometimes give a quiet smile. He hardly ever answered back and was a very unlikely kind of fellow to get into a row.

When I got to the place there was a crowd around. They had got wind of the Chinaman being murdered, and were full of curiosity. I made my way down the steps leading into the basement.

There was the Chinaman, lying, as the peddler had said, half turned over on his stomach. There was a pool of blood on the floor. His skull was severely fractured, and the sight was a revolting one.

An examination of the body showed that he had been stabbed. There was a big, ugly cut in his left breast, near the heart. There was only this one stab, but it

was a nasty one. He had been beaten around the head with some dull thing, though it was impossible to tell what, the skull was smashed in so thoroughly.

On the floor, near the stove, there lay a big bread-knife. It had the large, broad blade which these knives have, and was very sharp, coming to a sharp point. A more terrible weapon to run into a man could hardly be found, as the blade was almost two inches wide and the edge as keen as a razor. The bread-knife was covered with blood. The murderer had evidently used the knife to stab John with and had thrown it on the floor after drawing it out.

Then, although such a wound was enough to cause any one's death, the man who had stabbed him probably did not want to have the Chinaman able to make any statement, if he were discovered promptly, and so clubbed him about the head.

Nothing was found about the restaurant to give any clue to the murderer. No one around the place had seen or heard anything to excite suspicion or draw attention to the restaurant. The peddler had turned in there to get something to eat, and he was the first, so far as it appeared, who had seen the dead man after the deed had been done.

For two days there was nothing that suggested the smallest clue to the murderer of the unfortunate John. He had not made any enemies among the neighbors. They all seemed to like him, as being a very quiet, simple man, who attended to his business of supplying cheap food to his small number of customers, and never gave any trouble to anybody.

In looking around the place I had found several numbers chalked up on the wall, generally tens and fifteens, though once or twice there was a twenty-five

and once a fifty. These numbers had dates with them for a month back. The fifty was with a date not three days before the man was found murdered.

In a drawer which had a lock to it I found among several trifling objects, two or three Chinese playing-cards. Chinamen have thin bits of pasteboard about two-and-a-half or three inches long and not a quarter of an inch wide. They are marked with the denominations and have figures for the court cards. These had red backs and rounded corners.

They shuffle and deal these cards as quickly and just as easily as a gambler would a deck of ordinary full-sized cards. They have a knack for doing small things. They will put little steel "gaffs" on sparrows, and then have a regular cocking main with the birds.

On one of these cards was written something in Chinese characters, followed by the figures "175." Some of the numbers in chalk on the wall had been crossed out, or been rubbed out with the fingers. There were four or five that had been cancelled in this way. The sum of the others was 175.

Putting this and that together, I thought that perhaps some one had been getting things "hung up on the slate" by the Chinaman. The 10 would stand for the price of some rice and coffee, and these smaller numbers were more frequent.

The fifty, which was only three days back, was the largest number on the list. It seemed possible that some customer had run up this little account, and after the extravagance of getting 50 cents charged at one time, John had "totaled up" the bill and taken a note on the playing-card for the full indebtedness. According to this theory, some one owed John \$1.75 for things he had got at the restaurant which had been charged, and

John meant to ask him for the money, and so had added up the check mark on the wall.

This didn't seem to shed very much of a light on things. But everything has to be noted in a case like this, and two or three little things may fit together and make a big thing.

For two days, as I said, there was nothing to give any clue. Then a German called at the station, having a boy twelve years old with him. He came into my room and said to me :

"Captain, this boy has something to say to you about the Chinaman who was killed on Wooster street. Go on, now, and tell the Captain what you saw," he said encouragingly to the boy.

The boy then told me this in a timid sort of way :

"I was going by John's place about 1 o'clock. Just as I was going by, the door opened and John started to run up the steps. A man came after him from inside and pulled him back into the shop. John tried not to go, but he did not holler. The man pulled him inside and shut the door."

"And we think he may be the man that killed the Chinaman," said the man.

"What kind of looking man was the one who pulled the Chinaman into the shop?" I asked the boy.

"He was a dark man. He looked like a mulatto, he was so dark; and not very big, though he seemed strong."

"And what did you do after you saw the Chinaman pulled in?"

"I waited a minute. Then the dark man came to the door, scowling, and asked me what I was loafing round there for, and told me to go along. Then I went home."

That was all the boy had to tell, but it was something. The dark man might be a light-colored negro or a Spaniard. The Chinese playing-card with the writing on it and the 175 I took to a Chinaman and got him to tell me what the written part was. He said that it was S-A-N-C-H-E-Z.

Sanchez is a Spanish name. The man whom the boy had seen was middle-sized, swarthy and strong; also of a passionate disposition presumably, for he was rough with the Chinaman and cross to the boy. The number following the name was the amount of the small check scorings on the wall, which were charged against somebody, probably for food.

Moreover, the last charge was 50 cents, and that was only three days back. The Chinaman was not at all quarrelsome, but he might have provoked the customer who used to have his meals "hung up," by urging him to pay, especially when he saw him getting 50 cents put down in a lump.

This was only a theory, but it was one which the facts that were known seemed to warrant.

At this time there was a number of Cubans in this city, men who had been among the insurgents in the revolution on that island. I knew where many of these men lodged and were accustomed to go. A great number of them were employed in cigar factories, as this was a trade they were acquainted with.

One thing of importance must be mentioned here. Among the murdered Chinaman's effects was found a dagger. It was a foreign looking thing which he had picked up somewhere. I kept this, thinking it might be useful in leading to something else.

I began to make inquiries among the cigar factories to see if there was an employe called Sanchez working

at any of them. I found that a Cuban of that name had been employed in one of them downtown. He had left there not long before. When? They told me the day. It was two days after the Chinaman was murdered. Where had he gone to? They didn't know. He had never complained, but he came to them on this day and said he had better pay offered him elsewhere and he was going to take it. Did he have any special friend among the other employes? Yes; two or three who had been with him in Cuba and had also been insurgents like himself. The one he used to seem most intimate with was a fellow named José Fernandez.

I found out where Fernandez boarded, and where he went in the evenings. He used to frequently go to a Bleecker street restaurant, and I went there to meet him.

He came in one evening when I was there and sat down at the table and ordered dinner. I rose and went to the same table. I professed an interest in Cuban affairs, and especially in the revolutionary spirit and party.

Fernandez was a small man with a reddish mustache and brown hair. He did not look like a Spaniard at all, but he had a slight accent in speaking English. He answered my questions about the aims the party had in view, and what the feeling was in the island about them.

Finally I asked him: "Was Sanchez with you in the Cuban uprising?"

"Yes," he replied. "Sanchez is a good fellow. He was with us, and he fought like a tiger. He is pretty hot when something happens that he doesn't like."

"Where is he now?" I inquired carelessly.

"I don't know. He left the factory without speak-

ing about it to me, and I have not seen or heard of him since. I think he must have left New York or I should have met him somewhere—here or at some place where the fellows go.”

“I would like to find him because I have got some business to do with him. But I have lost track of him for a while and they don’t know where he has gone at the factory. I suppose this Sanchez is the one I am looking for. Have you got any picture of him?”

“I haven’t got a photograph of himself,” said Fernandez, “but there is a picture which a crowd of us had taken, fellows that had been together in Cuba.”

“I’d like to see it, and I can tell then if they are the same,” I said.

“If you come around to my room some time, you can see it. I’m there evenings, after nine or ten.”

“Where do you keep it?” I asked. “If I should go round some time to-morrow isn’t there some way I could see it, if you’re not there?”

“Yes. It’s hanging in my room in a frame, and I’ll leave word with the woman of the house to let you in to see it,” said José.

“That’s all right, then. I would like to know if it’s the same man. I’ll be there some time to-morrow, and if you’ll arrange it so I can see the picture I’ll be much obliged.”

“I’ll tell the woman, and she’ll show it to you,” he said.

The next day I went for the small German boy who had seen the dark man pull the Chinaman back into the restaurant. I told him I wanted him to go with me. I went to Fernandez’s house.

He was out, but the landlady said I could go to his

room, third floor, as he had told her I wanted to see a photograph which was on the mantelpiece.

I took the German boy with me and we went upstairs to Fernandez's room. It was a small one, looking out on the backs of the neighboring houses. The photograph was on the mantelpiece. It was mounted on a piece of stiff cardboard somewhat soiled. Fortunately it was a pretty clear photo, and the features of all the men could be easily distinguished, although there were twenty of them.

"Fritz," said I, after looking at it a moment, "look at this photograph carefully and see if there is anybody there that you know or that you have seen before."

The boy took the picture in some surprise. He was a simple, honest fellow and seemed very sensible. He carried the photo over to the window and looked at each of the faces carefully.

Suddenly he gave a start and exclaimed :

"Why, Captain, that is the man I saw pull the Chinaman back into the restaurant; only he was scowling and seemed blacker then than this."

He pointed out a man in the front row, the second from the middle.

"Are you sure that this is the man you saw?" I asked him.

"Yes, I know it is. I can tell his face. It's just like him," replied the boy.

I took the photograph with me and told Fritz he could go home. That night I went to the restaurant, and when Fernandez came in I went to him and said :

"I took your photograph along. Here it is. Which one is Sanchez? There is one fellow there

I want, and if his name is Sanchez then they are the same, in all probability."

He took the photograph and put his finger on the man in the front row, the second from the middle.

"That is Sanchez," he said.

"Then they are the same." I answered. "I was not sure that it might not be an accidental resemblance. Now, how can I find him?"

"I don't know. There is a woman he used to go with named Isadora Merino. She may know something about him."

Fernandez told me where he thought the woman lived. I hunted her up and found her. I carried the dagger with me.

"Do you know where Sanchez is working now?" I asked her.

"I don't know as I do," she said slowly. "What do you want him for?"

"I want to see him about something. If you know where he is there is no reason why you shouldn't tell me. You know that, don't you?" and I pulled out the dagger and showed it to her.

"Why, that's his dagger," she exclaimed. "How did you get it?"

"That shows I'm all right with him, doesn't it, if he gives me his dagger for a keepsake?"

"I s'pose so," she answered. "Well, I don't know where he is now. He was at a cigar factory in Williamsburg."

I got her to give me the address. When I went there they told me no man of that name was there. I went through the room where the men were at work, but he was not among them.

"There was a Spaniard, though, who came here for

a short time and then left," said the boss. "His name was Gonzalo Perez."

"Did he look like that?" I inquired, taking out the photograph and pointing at Sanchez in it.

"Yes, that is the very man. He was here only a short time and then he left. I don't know where he is now."

I was pretty sure Sanchez was involved in the Chinaman's murder. He had quarrelled with John the day he was killed, or at least had treated him roughly, as Fritz's story showed. He had owed John a small sum, which the Chinaman had probably asked for. Then after the murder he had left the place where he was working, had gone to this Williamsburg place under an assumed name and had now disappeared again. It looked as if he were trying to make off, so as to leave no traces.

I made the cigar factories my "beat," and at last I found him. He was in a new place, under the name of Miguel Torres. I shadowed him after I had located him in the factory and followed him home.

When he got to his room I waited a moment and then knocked. He said: "Come in," and I entered. I asked him about cigar-making, how many he could roll a day and what wages he got, and whether he was satisfied with his present place.

"Oh, it's good enough, but I'd just as lief go to some other city, if I could get a job. I don't like this place much."

"Do you know that?" I asked, suddenly drawing the dagger out of my pocket.

"That's mine," he said. "Where did you get it?" He seemed puzzled at my having it, and evidently did not recall where it had been left.

"Sanchez," said I quickly, "why did you kill the Chinaman with a bread-knife instead of with this?"

He got livid, and sprang from his chair with an oath.

"Who said I killed a Chinaman? That's a lie? I never did anything to any Chinaman, or any one else."

"So you have forgotten the afternoon you quarrelled with him on Wooster street, in his restaurant, because he wanted his pay, have you, Sanchez?"

He was scowling fiercely now and was breathing pretty quick through his thin nostrils. His lips twitched and he said with difficulty :

"Who are you, and what do you mean by this?"

"I am a policeman, and arrest you to answer the charge of murdering the Chinaman on Wooster street."

He looked around and seemed like a wild beast at bay. He had begun to think that he had escaped and this came to him without any warning.

I had drawn my pistol and he finally concluded that it was better not to make any resistance. "It's all a lie," he repeated, with the same scowling look, "and they can't prove anything against me."

"You've forgotten the boy who saw you haul the Chinaman back and kill him, haven't you?" I said.

"—— the boy!" he said viciously. "He didn't see anything. What does he say?"

"You'll find that out later," said I. "Now, you come with me, and don't attempt any resistance."

He was evidently of two minds, not knowing whether he had better try to escape or had better go with me and trust to luck that nothing could be proven against him.

I held my pistol resolutely in my hand, and he finally concluded that he had better come without any struggle.

When he was brought to trial circumstantial evidence was pretty strong against him, but there was not proof enough of deliberate murder to give him the gallows. What was shown was sufficient, however, to transfer him to prison walls for a long term.

The chalk-marks on the wall had been his account, and John had "toted" it up and asked for 'a settlement. He was pretty full and the Chinaman had vexed him till his nasty temper got the better of him, and he struck the fatal blow.

“EDDIE.”

A CRIMINAL AT LARGE.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN McCULLAGH.



CAPT. M'CULLAGH.

ONE evening an officer brought in a young man, arrested for murdering the cashier of a large Broadway house. The case proved to be an interesting one. It was not entirely satisfactory, nor will it be so till one “Eddie” Bright is kept in four walls instead of roaming at large in New York, possibly respected by those who do not know him as well as I, and, it may be, loved by friends.

The young murderer was brought into my room. He was not more than twenty-five, was a little above medium height, and of a slight, almost delicate physique. He had an olive-colored complexion, thick black hair and dark blue eyes. His mustache was also heavy and black, and he had an inch or two of side-whiskers. In appearance he resembled a Cuban.

He was not very pale, but his lips were parted and twitched nervously and his whole frame trembled. His coat sleeve, cuffs and shirt front were stained with

blood. He could hardly tell one his story. Once or twice during the course of it he broke down and sobbed convulsively.

The substance of what he told me was as follows :

“My name is William Henry. I have worked as clerk with ——, —— & Co., a large wholesale house in Broadway. I have been in their employment for three years.

“About four weeks ago I was up at the Harlem River one Sunday afternoon. A gentleman whom I was unacquainted with approached and asked me for a light for his cigar.

“He was a man of about thirty-two years of age, with a very square face, large white teeth and gray eyes. His hair was inclined to curl and was thick and of a reddish brown. He wore no hair on his face.

“After he got his cigar lit, he made some remark or other, I don't remember what. But it was the beginning of a conversation. He was a good talker and made himself interesting, so much so that before we parted we had agreed to meet again on the following Sunday.

“I belong to the Young Men's Christian Association and frequently drop in at Association Hall in the morning. From there I went to meet my new acquaintance.

“He was at the place appointed, and we spent some time together. He was even more interesting than before, and had such a simple blunt sort of way about him that I found myself telling him a good many things that concerned me personally—such as where I worked, how much salary I got, and where I lived.

“I told him also of how I spent much of my time, and the places I used to go to principally. He didn't seem curious, only interested in a friendly way.”

Of course, many of the points in the young man's story were drawn out by questions from myself. But I give all he told as if he had put the things together and told his story coherently. He did tell it consistently, and had a good reason for any doubts or questions that his narrative excited in me.

“We became quite friendly. When I used to come up from downtown I would often find him at the ‘L’



“HE HELD ME TILL THE POLICE CAME.”

station. He knew the time I usually got uptown after business was over, and he several times made appointments for me to meet him. We would go to some place of amusement in the evening, or to a beer saloon, where we would sit and talk over a glass of beer and cigars.

“I got so familiar with him that I told him a good deal of my own affairs. There was a young lady I was

paying attention to and of whom I was very fond. He found out that I wanted to marry her and that the principal obstacle was my not having money enough laid by to start at housekeeping on.

“He also found out what kind of a business the house did, and what I had to do. Also, a good deal about the description of things at the store, where the cashier staid, and where the money was kept.

“‘I should think it would make you feel a little hard,’ he said to me, ‘to see so much money handled by that firm, and know that thousands of it are spent in luxuries, such as wines and horses and actresses, when so small a portion of it would be more than enough for you to set up a nice little home with Fanny Thorne.’

“Fanny Thorne was the name of the young lady that I liked so well. I knew she cared for me and would marry me whenever I felt able to support a wife and family. She was a very nice girl, indeed.”

The young fellow nearly broke down when he thought of his girl, and reflected what a scrape he had got into by this murderous deed.

“Well, one day he said to me: ‘Gad, Billy, if I were in your shoes I think I would simply slip a roll of silk under my coat every now and then. The firm wouldn’t miss it, and it wouldn’t be any more than your due, any way. They don’t give you half enough salary for the work they get out of you. You could do it and nobody would ever be the wiser, and hanged if I don’t think you’d have a perfect right to the thing. A few lifts like that would enable you to lay something by.

“He said it in a good-natured way, as if half joking, but he seemed to think, just the same, that it was something he would do if he were in my place. I

laughed it off, but I confess that the idea got in my mind and made some impression on me.

“ After this when we met he got to talking about what an opening there was for a young fellow in the West. ‘ If a fellow had only a few thousand dollars he could make a fortune by going to Kansas City and putting it into real estate. I think it would be a good scheme if we could only raise a little boodle to go out there and try our luck. You could marry your girl and make money, and have everything comfortable.’

“ He used to bring up this thing often after this, and he saw that I was considerably worked up about it. It did seem a fine thing, and I showed him I was willing enough to go into business with him.

“ One day he asked me when the employes were paid off at the store, and what time it was done, and who did it. I told him that the cashier used to take the money from the safe Saturday night about 5 o’clock for this purpose. Then he wanted to know how much money was usually kept in the safe, and found out that and that the safe was kept in a room in the basement.

“ Finally he got around to a scheme, as he called it, that would set us both on our feet. It could be worked with hardly any danger if a man had a little nerve. He said :

“ ‘ You know just where the safe is and when the cashier comes to get the money. I could make you up so that no one would know you. You take a bottle of chloroform and a handkerchief, and go to the store about the time the cashier will come. You say nobody is about the place, as a rule, when he goes for the money. When he has unlocked the safe you could get your handkerchief at his nose and chloro-

form him, put the money box under your coat and walk out.

“The next day you go back to your place and work for about a fortnight. Then tell them that you have got a good offer from a Western house and resign. No one will ever suspect you.”

“It sounds worse than I am telling it, but I was led into the thing. It was theft, of course. He didn’t suggest at first that I should make any provisions for the cashier except the chloroform. But later on he worked me into taking this iron bar, so I could stun him with a blow in case he didn’t get chloroformed.

“The villain got me to consent to the scheme. The day was fixed and he was to meet me at the place appointed on Canal street, if it worked all right, take the money out West and wait for me in Kansas City.

“I left Association Hall, where I had been talking to a friend last night, to go and meet Bright. He took me home with him and made me up this way. Then I went to a hotel and stayed all night.

“This is a good disguise, as you will see when I take off the wig and side-whiskers and get this dye off my face. It was so good that when I went to the store the man I asked for the cashier did not recognize me, although he had seen me every day for three years.

“I told him I wanted to see Mr. Carruthers and he told me I could wait down in the room next to his office, where there was a fire. I went there and pretty soon Carruthers came in.

“He was in a hurry and I told him to go ahead and I would talk with him afterwards. He unlocked the safe and I said: ‘This Farina’s cologne is a mighty good scent for the handkerchief. Smell it.’

“I tried to put the handkerchief to his nose, but he

pushed it away and wouldn't be bothered. There was the money, there was nobody about, the chloroform I felt I couldn't work. So I raised my iron bar and struck him on the head. I was excited and desperate.

“The ceiling of the room was so low that in lifting the iron bar I struck it against the ceiling and that broke the force of the blow. It made an ugly cut and Carruthers fell on the floor with a loud yell.

“When I saw the blood and him lying on the floor, bleeding like a pig, I got very weak. My knees trembled and I seemed to have lost all strength in my arm. I couldn't hit him with the iron again. I grabbed the money box and tried to get out. But the man upstairs had heard the yell and met me.

“He asked me what the matter was, and my confused answer and nervousness made him suspect me. He grabbed me as I tried to run, and held me till the police came. This is the first time I ever attempted anything like this.”

He was completely unstrung again and broke down completely.

“What was the name of this pard of yours and where does he live?” I inquired.

“His name, or the name he gave me, was Edward Bright. I don't know where he lives. He used to meet me always and never gave me his address.”

“And do you mean to say you don't know anything more about him than this?” I asked, incredulously.

“So help me God, I have told you the whole truth. I know I am ruined and have been a fool, but I have told you the whole thing.”

I sent officers around to the place where the man had agreed to meet him, but there was nobody there. I found out later that, unfortunately, the officers who

had arrested the young man for his assault on the cashier had brought him down Canal street, and so if his accomplice had been there he saw the game was up and skipped.

The friend with whom he had been talking the night before at Association Hall was a business man on Elm street. He came to see him, and was full of regret for him.

“William,” he said, “you know you have done wrong. But this is your first offense. The house you have worked with never had a word of blame for you. You will probably be sent to prison. But I can forgive you. If you only confess the whole thing I will use every influence I can secure for your benefit, and will still be your friend. If you are sent to prison my house is open to you when you get out. But this is only on condition that you tell everything. Otherwise I will do all I can to get the full penalty of the law on you.”

The young fellow protested that he had told all the truth and nothing but the truth, and that he could do no more. I began to believe him. I saw the other fellow was the real villain and had used this simple young man as a tool. I began to want Mr. Edward Bright very much.

But there was no clue. He had never given Henry any address, but had always met him somewhere and had carefully taken him to places where he (Bright) was not known, because Henry had never heard him addressed by any one else. He was a shrewd one and had worked the thing well.

“It will break up the young girl whom he was going with, Fanny Thorne,” said the business man from Elm street.

Henry was tried, convicted and sent to Elmira, where he is now. The cashier was not killed, but was laid up for weeks with a fever and very nearly died. I didn't see how I could get hold of Edward Bright. Probably the name was a false one. The way he had disguised William Henry showed he



“ I SAW I COULD DEPEND ON HER.”

was a master in the art of making up. Henry was a slight blonde and had a clear white skin. No one could have recognized him in the dark wig and side-whiskers and stained skin. I got the exact description of Bright from Henry. He was a wiry man, strongly

built and clean shaven, and wore a dark-brown cheviot vest and trousers and a black cutaway diagonal coat. The description was very minute, but that was all I had about Mr. Bright. Name, address, business, associates, there was not a single clue to any of these.

I could have shaken young Henry for being so silly. It was almost inconceivable. I could only hope that something would turn up to put me on Bright's track.

Three weeks afterwards a young girl came to my office. The gentleman from Elm street was her escort. She was very pretty and spoke in a quick, vivacious way.

"Captain, this is Miss Fanny Thorne. I think she can tell you something that may be a help to getting on the track of Edward Bright."

"Yes, and if I can I can tell you I shall be glad enough to do it. If he is the man that ruined Willie Henry I would like to see him hung!"

Her eyes snapped and her bosom heaved with indignation. She would evidently be all the assistance she could. There was no doubt about that.

"Well, Miss Thorne, tell me anything that you think could be of help. I have got no clue to the fellow yet," I said to her.

"Well, Capt. McCullagh, I will tell you what may be some clue. I shall have to speak about myself a little," she continued, with a slight blush. "Willie Henry has been paying me attentions for some time, and we liked each other very well. There was another young man, older than Willie, named Charles Wright. He was rather inclined to come around pretty often, too. I liked him well enough as an acquaintance, but nothing more.

"To tell the truth, he was pretty jealous, and some-

times used to speak against Willie. I always turned it off or defended him. One day, about two months before Willie got into this dreadful affair, he had been running on in this way, and finally I said: ‘There, Mr. Wright, it’s no use to talk that way. You know I like Willie Henry, and your talking about him does no good.’ ‘Oh, well,’ he said, ‘you won’t care so much for him in three months, I’ll bet.’

“I thought he simply meant that I would get tired of Willie by that time, and I told him not to worry himself about whom I should like, or not, in three months. When I thought it over afterwards, this remark of his seemed almost like a threat.

“I went out of town a week before Willie—before this thing happened, and only got back yesterday. When I heard of what Willie had done I couldn’t help thinking of Charlie Wright’s remark that I wouldn’t think so much of him after three months. Because I can’t think so much of him for being so weak, although I don’t believe he ever meant to kill that cashier.

“Well, you are wondering perhaps where the point of all this is,” the girl said, taking a long breath and fixing herself in the chair. “I’m getting to it now. When they told me that the man who put Willie up to this deviltry was Edward Bright, somehow I thought at once of how often I had heard Charlie Wright talk of a certain ‘Eddie.’ He used to say, ‘I was out with Eddie last night,’ or ‘Eddie and I had a pretty good time yesterday.’ The only thing is that this Eddie’s name is Gunnison, and not Bright,” she said in a little slower way, as if she felt that it wasn’t so much of a “pointer” after all.

“What sort of a fellow is Charles Wright?” I asked.

"I always thought he was square. But who would ever have supposed that Willie Henry would have done what he did? He was a much nicer fellow than Charlie Wright."

I recalled young Henry's story. Bright at first had only suggested his taking some silk from the store. The big scheme was a later idea, after he had been going with him for some time. The original plan might have been to get Henry to steal something and arrange to have him caught, so he would be disgraced in Fanny Thorne's eyes. Later "Eddie," if Bright was Wright's friend, may have worked Henry for his own purposes, when there was a prospect of getting a share of \$15,000. Anyhow, "Eddie" must be got.

"Where can your friend Wright be found?" I asked her.

"Well, he is an elegant roller-skater, a champion, and he goes to the rink on —— street two or three times a week. You would be likely to find him there."

"Will you go to the rink with an officer in citizen's clothes and point out Wright to him?"

"Yes, I will," she answered.

The first evening they went to the rink, Wright did not come, but the second time he was there, and the girl spoke with him and introduced the officer as her escort, "Mr. Rogers."

The next night or two "Mr. Rogers" went to the rink with another officer, to whom he pointed out Wright and then slipped away. I had given to both of them a very accurate description of Edward Bright.

When Charles Wright left the rink the officer followed him. He went to a beer saloon, and the officer slipped in close behind him. When he got inside

Wright looked around, saw a man sitting at one of the tables and, going up to him, said: “Hello, Eddie!”

“How are you, Charlie?” answered the other.

The man to whom Wright had spoken answered the description of Edward Bright perfectly, even to the clothes he had on. The two men sat down and talked. When they went out the officer followed them, and when they separated on the corner, continued to follow “Eddie” till he saw him enter a house.

The next day inquiry was made at the house as if by men getting information for the directory as to who lived there. But they gave no name “Edward Gunnison.”

The man was shadowed, however, and tracked to a downtown commission store. There it was learned that his name was “Edward Gunnison,” and that he was regarded as a shrewd cool fellow, honest and with a good deal of business capacity.

It was pretty clear that Edward Bright and “Eddie” Gunnison were the same. The description which Henry gave of the one was the exact description of the other. “Eddie” was a great friend of Charles Wright, and had deliberately worked to get Henry into trouble having made his acquaintance clearly with this object after Wright had told Fanny Thorne that she “would not like Henry so much after three months.”

It was clear enough that Gunnison was the accomplice and instigator of a crime to William Henry. But the distressing part was this: William Henry was the only one who could bear witness that he was such, and the uncorroborated testimony of a convict will not secure the conviction of a criminal.

Gunnison had been so cunning that no one else had been let into the business, and not a trace of any

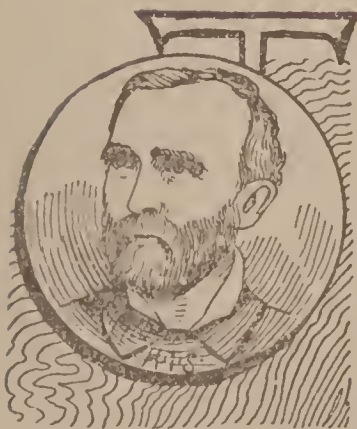
documentary evidence, no letter or note, existed to show that he had worked Henry up to the deed.

Nothing could be done, I had only the satisfaction of knowing who the man was that had been the accomplice of William Henry. There was nothing that could convict him. So I have had to let the matter rest, or at least hang fire. It is very doubtful if "Eddie" Gunnison is ever punished, while the young man he put up to the deed is in durance vile. I confess I should be glad to see "Eddie" brought to grief and get his deserts. It may yet be.

A HOT RUN.

OR, DR. SWAN'S PREDICTION.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN JACOB SIEBERT.



CAPT. J. SIEBERT.

THE disreputable portion of the city community has aims and feelings which hold the different sections of it together in a sort of sympathetic union. "Honor among thieves" is a saying which is used to express the clannishness which bands cut-throats, thieves and other villains into a sort of society with one another among themselves. There are too many instances of a culprit who has been caught in some criminal act, being ready to "squeal" and betray his partners in the deed in order to escape punishment himself to make this proverb universally true. But, on the other hand, there are examples enough of a rough kind of fidelity and friendly effort on the part of a gang to help one of their number who had been taken up. So there is some truth in the saying.

I recall an incident of the kind which fell under my own knowledge, where several members of a gang had

the coolness to approach me and endeavor to get me to suppress something which told badly against an associate who had been arrested by me.

They got nothing by their attempt. But it showed a trait of bad good-fellowship, which was founded on friendship, self-interest, or mutual protection, possibly on a mixture of the three.

The incident to which I refer was rather an amusing one. It was the capture of a "sneak-thief," or what would be denominated that now. His attempt was made on the spur of the moment, he was detected at it almost as soon as he had begun, and was taken within half an hour after he had left the place. In this case justice was not slow, and the whole business was brisk. Part of it was almost too brisk to be agreeable.

This briskness was in the chase for the thief, and that part of it was something I can easily remember by reason of what went before.

I had been suffering for some time from my chest, or rather my left side.. When I finally saw a physician to procure relief, after making a careful examination and asking me questions about my feelings, he told me I was suffering from an affection of the heart. I knew this was not hereditary, and the doctor said it was not serious at present except some accidental circumstance were to make it so.

This was at the time when New York was agog over the mysterious Nathan murder, which wears its mystery up to the present time. Dr. Swan began talking about the murder, hazarding certain conjectures, asking about several features of the case and the like.

"They have offered a reward, haven't they?" he asked.

“Yes, they promise a reward for the detection of the murderer,” I replied.

“How much is it?” he inquired.

I told him. It was some thousands—\$5,000, I believe, but I am not certain of the amount now, only it was large enough to tempt any one who knew anything about it to give his information, and enough to induce a person to try to discover the assassin if he had any idea who it was, or had any clue which promised to lead to him.

“Well,” said Dr. Swan, rising, “if you could get the man by running only two blocks for him, I would advise you not to do it.”

“If I could get him by as easy work as that,” I replied, “I am pretty sure I would make the attempt. It would be good pay for running two blocks. Why do you say that you would advise me not to do such a thing?”

“Because, although your condition is not dangerous as the case stands,” he answered, “if you were to engage in any violent physical effort, or to experience anything exciting or startling that would impress you a great deal, so as to quicken the action of the heart violently, you would probably keel over and be a dead man in a jiffy. Running would induce this excessive action of the heart, and speaking of the Nathan murderer made me think of running after him. Hence my remark to you.”

“All right, doctor,” I said. “I don’t suppose I shall run after the murderer of Mr. Nathan, so you need not look out for my funeral just yet on that account. The man that killed Nathan will not be run down by chasing him for two blocks, in my opinion.”

This remark of the doctor’s and the fact that a few

days later I ran considerably more than two blocks as fast as my legs could carry me, and this in hot chase of much smaller game than the murderer of a wealthy man, make me remember the incident very well.

I had never put very much faith in the infallibility of doctors, and my experience then proved that Dr. Swan was not altogether correct in his views. I ran for almost a mile as fast as I could on a hot summer day through the crowded streets of New York, and although it took about two days for me to fairly get a grip on my wind again, and there were sharp twinges of pain in the region of my heart, I did not collapse, and my funeral has not yet taken place, although this was several years ago.

One forenoon I was standing in front of the station-house on Delancey street. Attorney street crosses Delancey at this point. It was near noon. The day was very warm, and at that hour the heat was getting in all its work.

At a little distance around the corner was a furniture store at that time. The office was a small room off the ground floor and fronting on the street, with sides consisting of small panes of glass. It was a small room. A desk stood near the window at the left of the door, and on the other side of the room was a large iron safe.

I was standing on the corner looking about me to see what was going on in the neighborhood. There was the usual movement of carts and trucks and about the ordinary amount of passers. But everything was quiet and I was about to move on to make my rounds.

Just then a young man came out of the furniture store. He walked rather rapidly and crossed to the

opposite side of the street. Although there was nothing suspicious in his appearance, for he was neatly enough dressed—not flashy nor slovenly in his looks at all—yet my attention was somehow arrested by him. If I had to say what it was that led me to keep my eyes on him it might be hard to put it into words. But probably it was the suggestion of an attempt on his part to seem at ease, and, at the same time, a feeling he gave me of trying not to go as fast as he wanted to.

This was not much, but after he had gone a few yards he half turned round and looked up the street. He glanced at the furniture store which he had just left. It was only a momentary glance, but it was enough to confirm my suspicions. When he turned again, after walking a little further on, and took a second look behind him, still in the direction of the furniture store, I felt that there was some “crooked” business on hand.

At this moment a man came out of the furniture shop and looked up and down the street. The fellow had quickened his pace and was now some little distance away. I started for the man as soon as I saw him come out in this way. He saw me, and as soon as I got near enough I asked :

“What is the matter?”

“Why, somebody has been through my safe,” he said, excitedly.

“Just now?” I inquired.

“Yes,” said the furniture man. “I was in the back part of the store with a customer and saw the fellow coming in. I supposed he wanted to buy something, and I meant to go to him as soon as I was through with the man who was talking to me. I thought he would wait. I missed him after two or

three minutes when I looked again, and I thought he had gone out. Then I saw him leaving the office and he walked off.

“I didn’t try to recall him and went on with my customer, when suddenly I remembered that I had left the key in my safe in the office. I left what I was doing and hurried to the place to see if everything was all right. The safe door was open and some of the papers were lying on the floor. The man had been through it. Fortunately my money was locked up in a compartment in the safe. But I do not know whether he may not have taken something.”

“He is walking down the street now, and I’ll get him,” I said to the man, hastily leaving him.

The fellow had got below Broome street by this time. I walked quickly after him. I had kept my eye on him the whole time. He was walking faster himself now. I took a very rapid gait in the hope of getting up on him pretty close before he would notice that I was following him.

But he was getting near Grand, and there are so many walking there that I feared to lose him and began to run. He looked back. I tried to pull up so that he would not see me running, but it was too late. He did see me, and broke into a swift run himself.

It was simply a question which could run the faster now. But he had got somewhat of a start and ran pretty well. He slipped across into Division street, running under the very nose of a horse to get through quickly.

I ran as fast as I could. The sight naturally excited the attention of the passers-by. A crowd began to follow, running too. It was a sight to see a policeman running, with a crowd at his heels. I pulled my cap

down tight on my head and made the best time I could, and the crowd followed, new-comers joining it as we went on. It was a hot chase after the fugitive.

He ran as fast as I did at the start. I kept my distance, but did not narrow it down very much. The one that held out best was the likeliest to win. I could see my man ahead of me, although occasionally he was lost a little in the crowd. He evidently thought he had better chances by keeping along East Broadway than if he turned down a side street, as there was more probability of his getting lost to sight in the crowd.

I had entirely forgotten everything that the doctor had said about not taking any violent exercise or doing anything at all likely to arouse an unusual activity in the chest. I never thought of my heart until I began to feel a pain and oppression in my heart. I was too excited in my desire to get the fellow to think of anything else.

I saw after a while that he was running more slowly. He was evidently giving out. I kept up pretty much as I started, but it was beginning to be an effort. The day was warm, and tearing down East Broadway in my coat, with a crowd hallooing, and running along, too, with the difficulty of keeping it up getting greater every minute, all this was not exactly obeying Dr. Swan's advice and directions. But I was not going to let up till I had to, and the man ahead was clearly giving out. I knew I was giving out, too, but if I could keep up a little longer I would have him.

The only thing I feared was his shooting into some saloon or some place where he might be known, and by the help of the occupants escape me by working through some back passage.

He was running more and more feebly. I exerted

myself to keep up. I was too near to abandon the chase and the game. The crowd, which had received large additions, followed closely at my heels. They wanted to see how it would end. They probably hoped the man would get away.

But he didn't. He suddenly stopped short and leaned against the doorposts of a shop. I slackened my own pace a little. I knew he was "played out" and would have to rest a minute at least to get his wind, and I tried to ease myself a little so if he should start off again I would be in better trim to keep it up myself. But I did not believe he would do any more running. He looked perfectly used up and leaned heavily against his support.

I finally got near him and let myself down to a walk. I was puffing so I could hardly speak. When I came up to him he looked at me and said, panting :
"I'll give up."

He stood breathing heavily, absorbed by the endeavor to get his wind, and I was in pretty much the same condition, and was breathing quick and heavily myself. I had got him and could well afford to wait a minute to let him recover from his hard run, not to mention myself. I was glad enough to have the opportunity to breathe comfortably, although there was not very much comfort in it yet for either of us.

"You—ran—me—down. I'm—just—clean—knocked—out," he said with a heaving breath between every word.

After a few moments I took him to the station-house. He was searched. Nothing was found on him that he had taken from the safe in the furniture store. But in his pocket was a bunch of skeleton keys. The proprietor of the store identified him as the young man

whom he had noticed come into the store and afterwards leave the office. He had looked through the safe and found nothing gone.

The fellow was a respectably dressed, active young chap, about twenty-one years of age. He belonged to the "profession," however, and was a brilliant member of the Allen gang. He had passed the door of the furniture shop just as the owner was walking back to show the customer something. He slipped into the office to see what he could pick up.

When he saw the key in the safe he hurriedly went through it; but the money was locked up, and he knew the papers would be more trouble to him than gain, or at least did not want to run the risk of detection. So he had hurried out, hoping that he was unnoticed.

When he saw me running he did not wait to think twice, but skipped himself, hoping to get away on account of his start. He was locked up pending an examination of his case. Shortly after this I was favored by a visit from two young "toughs." They were pretty flashy in their style, and talked in a greasy sort of a way.

"You see," said one of them to me, "one of our pards has been unlucky. He's got into a sort of scrape, though he's a good fellow. He's the chap what you run down, and the bloke of a furniture man has so much guff about his safe. Well, now, officer, you know how these things go. If they find out that he had a bunch of skeleton keys on him they'll twist him a little tighter. There ain't no need of that. He's a good fellow, that's got into a little scrape, and what's the use of making it worse for him. Couldn't you jes' get those keys out of the way and not say nothin' about

'em, officer? You won't be any the worse off for yer bein' light on him, and the crowd'll stand by yer."

I declined to show the consideration for their comrade which they seemed to think was such a natural, trifling piece of good nature under the circumstances, and told them that Billy would have to stand anything that would come from his having the false keys on his person. This was one of the chances he took by carrying them.

They withdrew after a little more talk, much disgusted at my want of kindness in refusing to do something to help to screen Billy.

Later another one of the gang approached me when I was making my rounds and opened the subject of Billy and the false keys again. I turned him off pretty shortly and had no further interviews on the subject from the rest of his "pals."

Billy came up before Recorder Hackett and got sent up for his offense. The sentence was not so very severe, and how much it may have been affected by the discovery of the false keys on him could not very well be told.

Dr. Swan had made a mistake just as doctors will do occasionally. According to his view the only thing for one to have done after that run on a hot day was to die of heart disease. But although I felt some trouble for two days after it, I have not experienced any ill results since then. I was too excited to think of anything at the time except getting my man, and I was glad enough to run him down after starting in on the chase and having a crowd of spectators and a large number of companions in my chase. My wind was better than Billy's and that was enough.

It was a little funny, so soon after Dr. Swan's ex-

pressly saying that it would not do for me to run two blocks, even to catch the Nathan murderer and secure the large reward offered for his capture, for me to have to run fifteen blocks in the discharge of my duty, as fast as I could, on a hot summer day. It proved that he was not quite right in his prediction.

SAM LEE'S CREESE.

A CHERRY STREET TRAGEDY

BY POLICE CAPT. ALLAIRE.



CAPTAIN ALLAIRE.

It was a warm summer night. Cherry street looked pretty much as it looks any night in the summer. Women were walking about trying to get a little cool air in the street. Men lounged around the doors and smoked and drank beer. The usual assortment of children were scattered around—children of all ages, from the little toddlers whose legs were hooped like a ring from having been set up walking too soon up to the boys who were beginning to raise mustaches and to swagger.

It looked pretty much as it always did. Cherry street was never billed as a summer garden, but on a pleasant evening the women met and gossiped and the men talked about work and politics.

The patrolman had taken a look around as he went up Roosevelt street, and saw everything was quiet. He had just started on again when a piercing screech rang out on the air. It was a blood-curdling yell in a

woman's shrill voice, and it was followed rapidly by two or three others, each given as if the woman was suffering some intense torture.

Then there was a deep silence.

The screams had come from Cherry street and somewhere near at hand. The patrolman rushed into the dirty little street. The loungers were all aroused and a crowd had begun to gather about a house a few doors east of Roosevelt street on the north side of Cherry. There was nothing peculiar about it except that it looked a little poorer and more squalid than its neighbors.

"Did that yell come from here?" the patrolman asked.

"Yes. John has been doin' some funny business, I guess," said one of the bystanders.

"John ain't there, you moke. It's the Chinese boarder, more'n likely," was somebody's answer to this.

"He got back this mornin'—I see him myself this forenoon," said a third.

They all spoke together, and were excited. It promised something lively for that summer evening. The officer pushed his way through the crowd into the dark, grimy little hall of the house, and made his way up the worn wooden stairs, which were sticky with dirt, and dimly lit.

The stairway turned after eleven steps, and another short flight of five steps led up to the rooms on the second floor.

A light was burning in the room at the head of this second ascent, and the door was open so that the stairs were tolerably well lit up—enough, at least, to let a ghastly sight greet the officer's eyes at the landing.

A well-built, buxom woman, about thirty years old,

was lying on her face on the landing, with her feet resting on the last of the steps. She was half doubled up, having fallen in a heap just at the bottom of the stairs.

A stream of bright red blood flowed from a wound in her back, and another pool of blood that was rapidly forming at her side showed she was wounded also in front.

She had on only a petticoat and white waist, which



BY HIS SIDE WAS A CREESE DRIPPING WITH BLOOD.

was dabbled with blood. The officer raised her up, but her eyes were already glazing and she made a gulping sound with her throat as she tried to breathe. She gasped her last while the officer was holding her.

It was evident that she had been brutally murdered.

No one had passed him on the stairs. Then the murderer had not left the house that way. He shouted to the men below to watch the windows and roof, and

asked one of them to go into the area and keep an eye on the fire-escape. Then he dashed up the five steps leading to the room, which were flecked with blood from the woman's wounds.

The first room he entered at the head of the stairs was also dabbled with blood. It was poorly furnished, with a low wooden bed at the side and a rough deal chair and table. Blood was spattered around on them all and the dingy walls had been splashed and small rivulets of it trickled down over the cheap paper. Another horror was in this room.

On the flat of his back on the floor lay a Chinaman in a slate-colored blouse, his queue torn and dangling, his face set in an expression of intense agony. The man was dead, but the body was warm. The blouse was so soaked in blood that it was impossible to tell how often he had been wounded or by what. He was a young Chinaman, about twenty-eight, and pretty good-looking for a Chinaman. His hands were clinched and there was every indication in his features of a great deal of pain, though the blouse was not torn nor was there trace of the struggle, except in the torn queue.

Off from this room was a larger one into which the patrolman went next. It was empty. A chair was flung in a corner. On the same side where the stove was hung a tin parrot-cage, but it was empty and the door open. On the other side was another cage with a pair of small Chinese birds with rings around their necks. They are not singers, but are kept as a sort of love-bird. They were perched on a little roost, side by side, quietly gazing on the slaughter-house into which the room had been turned. Near the stove the officer saw a parrot lying, limp and dead, some of his wing feathers having been broken and sticking out.

The officer merely glanced at the bird, which had also fallen a victim to the cyclone of murder which had broken on this miserable home, and went into the last room, a smaller one, leading off from the one in which the parrot lay, which was kitchen and sitting-room combined.

The apartment consisted of these three rooms. So, if anything was to be learned from them more, it must come from this last.

Something was learned. It was another chapter in this tale of murder, a new chamber of horror. Blood was scattered around as in the first room. Tumbled on a bed was a second Chinaman, as blood-stained as the first. He was a stout, strong man of thirty-two or more years of age. His queue was neatly coiled around his head. In place of a blouse he wore a blue flannel shirt, fitting him rather closely, and giving him the look of a sailor.

By his side was a creese, dripping with blood. It was a Malay dagger, with a sharp point and each of its two sides as keen as the edge of a freshly honed razor. Here, at last, was the instrument which had wrought such murderous work, and a desperate thing it had proved. And here probably was the murderer. He had killed the woman, the other Chinaman, the parrot, and then made a complete job of it by stabbing himself to death.

It was a sickening sight—those three dingy rooms, with their murdered occupants, the smell of blood in the close, foul air, and the stabbed woman tumbled on the landing just outside! Poor Poll, with her gaudy green feathers broken and slobbered over with blood, added to the frightfulness of the scene. The horror grew when the officer lifted the bird up and saw that

its head had been severed from its body and was lying in the inner room, where the first Chinaman lay weltering in his gore.

What had the bird done to bring down this fate on its innocent head, and why had the little rice birds, who sat on their perch as demurely as a Philadelphia Quaker and his wife, escaped?

There was nobody around to arrest. If the murderer was not the Chinaman near whom the bloody creese had been found, there was nobody else on whom suspicion could fall.

At the inquest it was learned that the apartment was occupied by Sam Lee, a Chinaman, who was a ship's cook and had returned from Rio, after a four months' voyage, on the very morning of the murder. He was the strong fellow found in the third room with the Malay dagger near him.

He was married to an Englishwoman who was several years younger than himself. She was an ordinary type of woman, but good-looking in a rough kind of way and pretty lively. By a sort of inversion of the usual thing she was a washerwoman, and Sam, her Chinese husband, had nothing to do with the laundry except pocket the receipts.

With this man and wife lived two lodgers, both Johns. One was about the age of Mrs. Sam Lee and was a cigar-maker. He had lived with them a year. He was the man who was found in the room at the head of the stairs. His name was Yang Fon.

The other lodger was a boy of sixteen, who worked in a laundry and was called Chin Lung.

From Chin the only information that threw any light on the case was obtained. I will give his story without attempting to imitate his pigeon English.

“Yang Fon was a very nice man,” he said, “who boarded with Sam Lee. He paid \$2 a week for his board. Sam and his wife always got on well enough. Sam got home from a voyage to Rio the morning of the day the murders took place. When he came in Mrs. Lee, whose name was Nellie, was sitting in Yang Fon’s rooms talking with him. She was pleased enough to see her husband, but he seemed sulky and vexed at something or other. He wouldn’t say much to Yang, who went out pretty soon.

“Sam had brought a bag full of things up with him from the boat. Out of his bag he took the sharp dagger, which he had picked up while he was away, at some place or other. He put it on a chair in his room.

“He was restless, and kept moving around, and once or twice I saw his black eyes rest on Mrs. Lee, and then he would move about some more. She didn’t take much notice of him, because he was a very quiet man, and sometimes used to go for hours without saying anything.

“The poll was a bird which he had brought back with him from one of his voyages. He used to be very fond of the bird, and when he was ashore took care of him, giving him his water and things to eat. He would sit and watch it pull itself up by its beak and then twist his head around and squint at him with its yellow eye.

“He tried to teach him some Chinese words, but the parrot was slow, or Sam didn’t repeat them often enough. Anyway Poll didn’t learn any of them. Nellie, she didn’t take to the bird and used to call it names.

“I was sitting in the room in the forenoon. Sam had been watching the bird. All at once the bird stuck

his head forward and said: 'Yang likee Nellie. Ha, ha, ha!'

"This was the first time the parrot had ever said these words, though he had learned to imitate a laugh, and often used to give it out in a harsh, rough way, as if he were making fun of a fellow.

"Yang Fon was a nice, pleasant fellow and used to like to talk with Nellie. He didn't talk much, but he used to say: 'Yang likee Nellie,' and Nellie would laugh at him and tell him he was a goose.

"The parrot had picked up the phrase from Yang, but this was the first time he had ever used it. When Sam heard it and the laugh that came after it, and sounded so much like making fun of him, he sprang up from his chair, ran into his room and caught hold of the dagger. He came back, opened the bird's cage and held up his hand. Poll was used to his fooling with it and stuck forward his head slowly to catch hold of his finger. Sam caught him by the neck, jerked him out of the cage, and with a stroke of the dagger cut his head clean off and flung it into the room where Nellie was at work wetting down some linen.

"It sort of frightened her, I guess, to see how savagely her husband treated the bird. I don't know whether she noticed what the bird had said. She only said: 'Oh, Sam, what did you do that for? Served the old thing right though.'

"Sam was more fidgety than before after this. He took the dagger back into his room, wiped it and stuck it in an inside belt that he wore, so that it was over his hip. Then he came out and kicked the bird over towards the stove.

"I didn't like the way he went around muttering to himself, and I told Nellie I was going out, and wouldn't

be back before evening. She said, 'All right, Chin,' and I went.

"When I came back to Cherry street about 7 o'clock, some of the boys in the street said: 'What's the matter with John? He's been around pretty cross, and has been filling up at the saloons.' So Sam was probably worse than ever when he went home.

"I said I didn't know. Guessed he was feeling out of sorts. I concluded I wouldn't go into the house until it was time for me to go to bed, because I didn't want to see him carrying on like that, and I didn't like the way he had cut Polly's head off. He looked so savage while he was doing it. So I went with some of the other boys around to a store on the street.

"I saw Yang Fon going into the house soon after I got back. He was later than usual. I told him to look out for Sam, and told him what he had done to the parrot and the kind of dagger he had. Yang laughed and said he wasn't afraid of his doing anything bad—that he was a quiet fellow. Then he went upstairs.

"I waited down some time longer. I saw the lamp lit, and that seemed as if things were going all right. Nellie used to come out on the sidewalk sometimes in the evening. But the first night after Sam getting home she may not have cared to leave him and go away.

"About ten minutes after 9 I concluded to go up. Yang and I slept in the room where Nellie did her washing during the day. We had our meals in the front room and the room next to that was Sam's and his wife's.

"I walked up the stairs slowly and had got to the landing. When I turned to go up the last five steps I stopped a moment to look into the room.

"Nellie was sitting at the table and Yang was next

to her. Sam was not in sight. Their backs were to the other room. While I was looking and thinking I had been a fool to get scared, as Sam had probably turned in and was sleeping all the sounder for the liquor he had taken, Yang must have said something that amused Nellie, for she laughed.

“It was her laugh that the parrot had learned, and it was a good deal like hers, only that the parrot seemed to be making fun of a fellow.

“I had put my foot on the first stair and was going up thinking everything was all right since they were talking and laughing, and Sam had turned in, when I saw him rush on them with a dagger raised in his right hand.

“He stabbed Yang in the back five or six times as fast as he could. It didn't take half a minute, he was so quick about it. Yang gave a groan and tumbled to the floor.

“Nellie had not realized at first what was done. But as she saw her husband driving the dirk into poor Yang like lightning she saw that his bad temper had broken out. She sprang to her feet, but did not give any cry. I guess she thought she might slip around Sam without his noticing it, while he was so busy with Yang, and slide downstairs and get away. That is the reason she did not scream, I think.

“But Sam noticed her, and gave a side stroke with the knife which went right into her breast. The blood spurted out, and then she screeched and started for the stairs. Sam struck so fast with the dagger that he hit her three or four times before she got away, he didn't try to hold her. He counted on getting in his work better by being so quick in sticking.

“Although Nellie was so badly cut, she ran to the

stairs screaming, and just as she got to the top I saw Sam make a last lunge and drive the dagger into her back near the neck.

“The whole business did not take two minutes. It was the quickest work I ever saw. I had stuck there on the landing, paralyzed, but when I saw Nellie rushing out and her husband after her, I got sense enough



HE DROVE THE DAGGER INTO HER BACK.

to run. I jumped downstairs pretty lively. But I heard Nellie fall with an awful thump on the stairs, and let a deep groan out of her.

“I thought Sam would be after me and I didn’t stop till I got a good way along on Roosevelt street. That is all I know about the story.”

It wasn’t necessary to know much more. Chin had

supplied everything except the motive which had led Sam into such bloody violence. It was not hard to get to that.

He had come up from the *Sarah Willoughby*, the bark on which he had served as cook, in a melancholy, vicious frame of mind. I learned on the ship that he had been subject to fits of brooding on the return voyage from Rio.

When he heard the parrot say: "Yang likee Nellie," and follow it up with the contemptuous laugh, he had been stung doubtless as if his wife and lodger had been amusing themselves at his expense. He would naturally reflect that the parrot, who was a slow bird to learn phrases, could not have picked up any expressions that he had not heard many times. Then the laugh, though the bird had really learned it from hearing Nellie, had such a derisive tone that he would not recognize it easily as hers, and may have thought Yang used to laugh at him behind his back. He had not improved his temper a bit by going out and filling up with bad whiskey. He was pretty savage, doubtless, at night, and when he heard the laugh come from his wife after some remark of Yang's which he did not catch, the recollection of the bird probably came over him and his rage made a madman of him. He rushed to his quick deed of wholesale slaughter.

The murder of Yang, of his wife and his own suicide could not have consumed five minutes. Chin saw the first two murders. The patrolman was not three minutes in finding the house and getting to the scene of the slaughter, and when he arrived all were done for, although Nellie was still breathing.

The dagger thrust in the back was the last stroke he gave her. But if Chin's account is correct, he must

have glutted his wrath on Yang after she had fallen down the stairs, for his body was found with seventeen dagger thrusts in it, two of which were through the heart. The others were scattered all over the body.

He had rushed into his room then and jabbed the creese into himself thirteen times. Four or five of these wounds were mortal. He must have struck himself with incredible rapidity. His heart and belly were full of the thrusts.

Nellie received only five. Only five ! But it seemed quite a moderate share compared to his thirteen and Yang's seventeen.

Sam had probably struck himself until the dagger fell from his hand, and he turned forward on the bed, where he weltered in his gore.

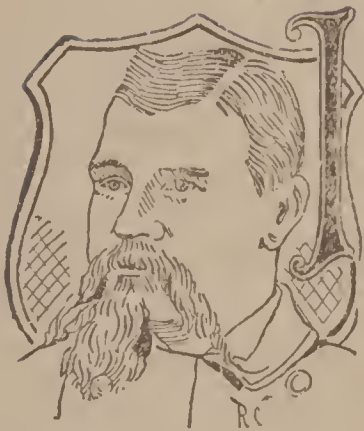
He was a strong, healthy man and both Nellie and Yang were in their prime, full of vigor and life. At the autopsy the hearts of both men were discovered to be of unusual size.

As horrible a spectacle as that afforded by those three small rooms in Cherry street, with floor, bed, walls and the stairs dripping with blood, and the sickening smell of it on the foul hot air of the close summer night, and three corpses riddled with dagger holes is not often presented. I have not seen in war or peace a ghastlier sight.

IKE VAIL

THE KING OF CONFIDENCE MEN

BY POLICE CAPTAIN GASTLIN.



CAPTAIN GASTLIN.

HAVE not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Isaac Vail for some time. The last occasion was when that genteel young man had just left Sing Sing after one year and a half there, for which he had to thank me.

He did thank me when he got sentenced. He thought he was sharp enough to keep out of my clutches, and he eluded them for some time. It was long enough to make it seem pretty good to me to drop on him, and if he didn't enjoy it I did.

There is no telling when I shall have the pleasure of meeting with him again, for I have not heard of his "getting in" any of his special work, and he may have dropped it or taken himself elsewhere to get it in better. Times are quieter now along the river front than they were. West street used to be a terror to any respectable man who chanced to walk along its disreputable sidewalk late at night or in the early

morning. It swarmed with wharf-rats, thieves, cut-throats, and all the confraternity of rogues that do business along the North River.

There were plenty of them. But they have been pretty thoroughly squelched, and some of the sharpest



LOOKED AS INNOCENT AS A DOVE.

operators in illegitimate lines of work have actually been forced into honest employment to make their living.

During the day time the confidence men used to work their little pocketbook-dropping game. This is a small business, but it would surprise the community to

know how many respectable seeming men would let themselves be inveigled into giving two thieves \$10 or \$15 for a fat pocketbook, which seems wadded with bills, and which the sharps make the victim believe he had dropped. Of course, an honest man wouldn't take it, unless with the idea that he could restore it to the owner, and usually a man doesn't want to go to that trouble. But there were plenty of men who, when they saw a chance to get a pocketbook stuffed with money simply by paying a ten-dollar bill for it, felt as if they might as well have the "boodle" as some less deserving chaps, and jumped at it. They didn't feel so comfortable when they would get off a few squares and open the thing only to find two or three wads of cheap brown wrapping-paper and some broken glass in it, and not a nickel.

That game is played out and the confidence men are lying very low, too. But sometimes a pretty interesting specimen of humanity used to show up in the person of a fly operator at the confidence game. It is surprising how many people get beaten with this old "chestnut" in the line of fraud. Sometimes I would ask them: "Why, haven't you read about this thing being played on greenhorns?"

They would say: "Yes. I ought to have known better, and I deserve to lose the money; but the fellow was so plausible and such a respectable seeming man that I never suspected him."

That is just it. Most people are built so that they don't suspect everybody and everything, and though their case being so much like others they have read about ought to put them on their guard, it doesn't one-quarter as often as anybody would think.

I had the satisfaction of bagging the best of these

fellows. His name was Isaac Vail, and he was called the "King of the Confidence Men." I dropped on him and had him sent up the first time he was ever run in.

He was a fine-looking fellow and belonged to a respectable family. He was the black sheep of the flock. He was black enough to shade the largest kind of a family. He stood fully six feet two in his stockings, was well built and was a very slick fellow.

It was pretty hard to catch him. He was as slippery as an eel. Once that I had enough to pull him up for I brought him here to the station and held him till I had got my men together.

"Boys," said I, "all you need to do is just to make a good mental memorandum of his appearance, so that when you see him again you'll know him.

"Now, Ike," I said turning to him, "just have the goodness to walk up and down in front of those officers and let them see what a fine-looking chap you are. 'Tisn't often they see as good-looking a fellow as you."

Vail walked up and down like a general reviewing his troops. He was a cool, game chap and counted on his sharpness to keep him out of range. He looked at the officers with an impudent smile, kind of sneering like.

"Gentlemen," he said, "just take me in. It will be something nice for you to carry in your minds, and when you're lonesome you can comfort yourselves by thinking of me and wondering how I'm enjoying myself."

"Now, just walk up and down once more with your hat off, so they can drop to what a fine shaped head you've got, Ike," I said to him again.

He took off his hat and walked in a lounging way up and down in front of the line again, meeting the eyes of

the men with the same cheeky impudence. When he got through I let him put on his hat, and then said to my squad :

“This man is Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men. You’ve got him in your minds now, those of you that never saw him before, and you’re not likely to forget him. Now, whenever you run against him, go for him. He’s never around this river-front for any good.”

“Captain,” he said to me when the men were gone, “you’re not going to drop on me. I’m not the kind that you can drop salt on and catch. So don’t you let yourself get to feeling too good over the prospect of collaring me—will you?”

“Ike,” I said, “I’ll look out for my end of the line without counting on your help. I’ll drop on you yet. Don’t you forget it. And when I do you won’t feel so smiling.”

I didn’t hear anything of Vail for two or three months. With all his brass and coolness he played as cautious a game as if he was afraid of his own shadow. The detectives go in citizens’ clothes when I am out on a beat for any particular purpose. The sharps slide off when they see a uniform. They have photographs of the men they have to fear most and pass them round the gang, so they know us even when we are not in uniform, and sometimes it is pretty hard to steal up on them.

But I hadn’t forgotten Ike. I felt a good deal of interest in him. He wasn’t as ordinary as the bulk of the crew that do thieving work. A confidence man needs a good outside show and the gift of gab to make his game work. Vail was the king of them all in his looks and the way he talked. He put his words

together all right, used good grammar, and could rattle off the blarney like a machine.

One day I walked up along the river front to see if my men were at their posts. It was afternoon, and at the pier of the People's line. I didn't see my man. I was looking up and down the pier when I saw a tall fellow just disappearing down the gangway. It was Ike Vail. I skipped down pretty lively, for I saw him getting in so quickly that I believed he had dropped to me.

I put the men to searching for him, while I kept an eye out to see that he didn't slip off. They couldn't find a trace of him. I told one or two of them to keep an eye out, and began looking through the freight. He was too big a man to escape notice, and as they hadn't seen him, I knew he was hiding, and that he must have seen me and shot aboard quick, hoping I wouldn't see him. Sure enough, I found him crowded down behind some bales.

He came out and rubbed off some dust from the sleeve of his coat. I sent for Captain Rowe. Ike stood by looking as innocent as a dove. He had a choker on and a white cravat, and was dressed in a frock coat with long tails, made out of black cloth. His pants were black, too. He looked for all the world like a Methodist minister whose feelings would be hurt just by thinking of the wickedness there was in the world.

Captain Rowe was a little man, and when he showed up I pointed to Ike and said :

"Captain, this is one of the worst rogues in New York. He is a thief and a confidence man."

It would have done any one good to see the look of injured innocence that Ike had on when I made this speech. He looked at me in a kind of sad way and let

a sigh, as if he couldn't understand how such a mistake could ever have happened about him.

"Why, Captain Gastlin, are you sure you haven't made a mistake?" said Captain Rowe, looking at my fine Ike and then at me.

"You take my word for it, Captain Rowe," I answered, "that innocent look is a part of Ike Vail's business."

Just then the superintendent came by, and I told him he better get acquainted with Mr. Vail, as he was a rascal and would work some of the staterooms or passengers some day if they weren't careful.

All the time Vail kept on his mug this calm, injured expression. Oh, he was a dandy and played his cards well.

The superintendent made the same remark that Captain Rowe had done. "Was I quite sure there might not be a mistake in identity?"

Of course I was, and Ike's looking pious and injured till his bones ached only showed what a plum he was, and ripe enough to be picked. I couldn't blame Captain Rowe and the superintendent, though, for being taken in. Vail didn't overdo the thing. He looked shocked, and as if it was hard to bear, but that it was all a mistake, and he would take it in a Christian spirit.

Fortunately for me, my detective came along just then. He had been attending to something that he had to look after, and it had called him away for about half an hour.

"Did you ever see this man before? Do you happen to know anything about him?" I asked of the detective.

He had taken in the whole thing in a minute—Vail's distressed look, the kind of questioning expression of

Captain Rowe and of the superintendent, and of my being there and putting such an inquiry to him.

"Do I know Ike Vail, the King of Confidence Men? Well, I rather think I do know him. Confound you," he said, turning to Vail, "what did you come around here for when I was away and let the Captain drop on to you. I owe you one for that."

We couldn't convict the rascal of anything, but you can bet that we were not any less anxious to get him in a tight place when we could get a grip on him. This will show what a plausible knave he was, and how easy he could pass himself off on a person as a good, simple-minded, respectable man.

"Captain Gastlin," said the superintendent to me afterwards, "I felt certain that you had made a mistake in your man. I thought he was a parson."

"So did I," said Captain Rowe.

Well, King Ike laid pretty low again for some time. He was wary and didn't run in the way of getting a pair of handcuffs on him by not keeping his wits about him. But my time came, and helped to make up for the way he had been keeping shy and worrying me.

One day an old gentleman of quite a good appearance came to me in a great flurry and looking pretty sheepish. He was mad enough though.

"Captain Gastlin," said the gentleman to me, "a rascal round here has done me out of \$75."

"How was that?" I said.

"I came in this morning from Stonington. I am a Justice out in Wisconsin and am on my way home, Just as I was leaving the wharf a tall, fine looking fellow came up to me as I crossed West street and said: 'Sir, do you know of a good restaurant in the neighborhood? I am a stranger in the city and came

down here to see about some freight that I want shipped South.' ”

“ Ah, a tall, good-looking fellow, who didn't know much about New York, was a stranger and so straight in his ways and frank like ?” said I.

“ Yes, that's the man. Do you know him ?” inquired the gentleman, eagerly.

“ Well, I rather think I may have seen him before once or twice,” I answered. “ But you go ahead and finish your story.”

“ He seemed a very pleasant fellow, and, as you say, he was so frank and outspoken that I was quite taken with him. I told him I was going to get breakfast anyway, but that I didn't know much more about New York than he did. ‘ Well, let us look up some place,’ he said. ‘ I want to get over to Brooklyn to meet a friend, and now that I have settled about my freight I have just time to get breakfast and spend a little while with him before I take the fast express for Philadelphia and Washington. Perhaps we had better go to the Astor House, which is on my way, and we can get a better meal there than around here. I know just enough about the place to know that, and any one can direct us where it is.’ ”

“ Umph !” I put in. “ His appetite wasn't so good along the North River. The air wasn't good for him. Go ahead !”

“ He asked somebody the way, and seemed to fix the direction in his mind. ‘ I think we can find it without difficulty,’ he said. ‘ I know nobody in New York except the man of the house I trade with, so I haven't been round very much.’

“ We went to the Astor House, and he gave me an order for a bang-up breakfast—melon, porter-house

steak, Saratoga chips, sliced tomatoes and fried Indian pudding. He seemed a little fastidious in his taste. 'Your melons here are not as good as we have in the South,' was the way he started off.

"Well, he talked very pleasantly—told me about his business, how things were looking in the South, what



IKE VAIL CAUGHT AT LAST.

a bustling place New York was, and a pretty dangerous one for a greenhorn like himself. Yes, by Jove! he said that," said the Justice, who now that he was going over the story, seemed to see some fun in it in spite of his being fleeced.

"We had been sitting about ten minutes when a man came in, and as he was moving by our table he

suddenly stopped as he caught sight of the man who was with me and exclaimed :

“ Well, this is luck, Mr. Robinson. It’s the merest chance in the world that I struck you, and yet I’ve just come from the wharf, thinking that I would catch you there or find out when you would come. They told me you had been down and left about five minutes; just long enough for you not to be in sight.”

“ ‘Well,’ ” said “ Mr. Robinson ” a little shortly, as if he didn’t like to have his breakfast interrupted, ‘ what can I do for you ? ’

“ ‘ I am from Smith, Leamington & Co., and they would like to collect \$75 on the goods they sold you and sent to the wharf. ’

“ He handed him a bill, and Mr. Robinson seemed considerably irritated. ‘ Why didn’t they see about this yesterday, instead of coming now. I simply haven’t got the money with me. You’ll have to try and meet me at the train. Or, here, wait,’ he said, and turned to me. ‘ Judge, this is very annoying, but if you accommodate me a trifle it will spare me a great deal of inconvenience. I must see this man in Brooklyn, and I haven’t any time to wait. Could you loan me \$75 on this check and remit me the balance? Then I won’t have anything to think of. ’

“ He showed me a check on the National Butchers and Drovers’ Bank of New York, No. 403, filled out in a bold business hand for \$200. It was drawn in favor of I. W. Robinson, and signed E. L. Davidson.

“ He seemed so vexed and so willing to trust me for the balance of the sum over the \$75 that I gave it to him,” continued the Judge, looking pretty sheepish. “ I admit I was a fool, but he was so plausible. The man paid the money to the other, got the receipted bill

and finished his breakfast. He thanked me for my courtesy and asked me to wait for a moment while he went to the closet, offering me a cigar before he went, saying: 'I can recommend that cigar as something unusually good.'

"He took his coat over his arm, and stepped into the next room. I lit the 'Havana' and began to think my Southern friend was no judge of the weed, for it was the vilest roll of cabbage leaves I ever struck in the shape of a cigar.

"I waited ten minutes, and then called for the bill. His breakfast was \$1.50. I told the waiter the gentleman would return, and paid my own bill. I didn't propose to shoulder all the man's indebtedness.

"Well, of course, he didn't show up—and I have been extravagantly swindled. I'm an ass. The bank has no account with 'E. L. Davidson,' and the check isn't worth a cent. I'll give it to you if you want it. But I would give \$100 to get even with that man. Do you know who he is?"

"Well, I have a very strong notion," said I, "that one of our best-known sharps, Ike Vail, the King of the Confidence Men, has rung in his little game on you. Would you know him again if you saw him?"

"Know him? Among a thousand!" said the Justice.

I put the men at work hunting up Vail. He lived a good part of the time, for he changed his quarters about, with a plump little woman who didn't more than come to his elbow. She had a furnished room up on Sixth avenue.

One of my men engaged a room on the opposite side of the street and watched the house. The woman was shadowed whenever she stirred out. But we didn't get anything for four days.

In the evening of the fourth day Vail had the cheek to come home with the woman, and stayed there all night. Sometimes the best of them will slip up and do a foolish thing. I suppose Vail thought the Judge would not say anything because he would hate to admit being caught by such a thin skin game. I had kept all of the story out of the papers, so he hadn't got on to it that way.

I was told, and the next morning I came up to Sixth Avenue and stationed myself in a doorway where I could command the house. Vail and the woman came out about seven o'clock and walked over towards Fifth Avenue.

I slipped after them and picked up with the pair as they reached the avenue. Vail saw me.

"Good morning, Captain," he said with a grin.

"Good morning Ike. I hope you're not in a hurry because I want you."

"What the deuce do you want me for?" he said.

"Well, I think I may want you to go to a place where they sing twice."

"I don't know as I want to go," he said.

"You'll come along with me now, anyhow. Drop that woman and come quietly or I put the handcuffs on you."

"Oh, I'll come. Go ahead, Liz," he said to the woman, without losing his good-natured way.

She lost hers, and gave me a good dose of first-class Billingsgate. But I had no time to bother about the woman. I took Ike down, put him in a crowd of twenty men and then brought in the Judge. "Do you see anybody there that you know?"

His eyes rested at once on Vail's big figure and he shot over toward him.

“That’s the man, Captain,” he exclaimed, excitedly.
“I want my \$75, you villain.”

“I’m afraid I can’t give you any \$75, my good fellow. Aren’t you mistaken in your man?” said Vail.

To cut the story short, he was committed and sent to Sing Sing for one year and six months.

“I am very much obliged to you for this favor, Captain Gastlin. You are very kind,” he said to me when leaving the court-room.

“I saw him a few days after his year and a half was up downtown. “Hello, Vail,” I said, “I thought you were in Sing Sing?”

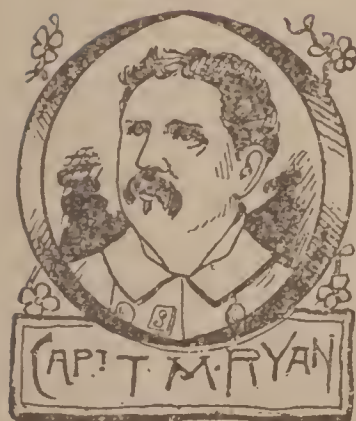
“Got out two days ago,” he said, with a laugh.
“Awfully glad to see you so soon, Captain. You did drop on me, after all, didn’t you?”

Vail has not played any confidence game for some time that I know of, and possibly he has repented of his evil ways. But it was a satisfaction to get the oily chap and squeeze him. Still he was as smooth when he saw he was fairly nabbed as when he played innocence. It would have been a little **more** satisfaction if he had shown he was mad.

A MAN OF AIR.

THE BURGLAR OF PARK AVENUE.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN THOMAS M. RYAN.



NE beautiful May evening I was sitting in my room at the station-house. It was a little after nine o'clock when some one came into the station, and a moment later the Sergeant opened the door and said a girl wished to see me.

A pretty Irish girl, about nineteen years old, came into the room with him. I told her to sit down. She was in a state of much excitement, and could hardly wait for me to ask her what the trouble was before she exclaimed:

"Oh, Captain, there's burglars in our house! They're there now!"

"Where is the house?"

"It's Mr. Stone's house, Park Avenue. Oh, Captain, they may be killing the girls and robbing the house. Come quick and catch them! Mr. and Mrs. Stone are at the theatre and there's only the girls in the house?"

I called my detective, and taking six patrolmen made

for the house immediately. It was not far away, and proved to be a fine-looking residence.

As soon as we appeared five servant girls rushed towards us in great trepidation.

"Oh, there's burglars in the house, Captain," they cried in excited tones.

I sent a policeman at once to the roof, another into the back yard and a third into the cellar. I then went through the house from basement to garret, carefully searching every room, examining the presses, looking under the beds and in every place where a burglar could conceal himself. I found no one. The burglar, or burglars, as the case might be, had gotten off.

I asked the girls who discovered the burglar and how he came to be seen.

"Annie seen him and she scared him off," said two or three at once. They evidently admired Annie very much.

"Well, you look around and see if anything is missing from the bureau or wardrobes or closets," I said, "and let Annie tell me about it."

"Here's Annie," said one of them, pointing at a young girl. "Go on, Annie, and tell the Cap'n all about it!"

Annie was a good-looking young girl of twenty-two, well built and with rosy cheeks. She told me the story in a nervous, excited way.

"I'm the nurse," she said. "I have to take care of Willie. He's a darling little boy, two years and a half old, and he's the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Stone. They went to the theatre this evening. I took baby up stairs to rock him to sleep about eight o'clock. When he was asleep I laid him in his little cot and tucked him up."

“Then I went downstairs to the kitchen where the other girls were having a good time talking and laughing. About nine o’clock I ran upstairs to see if Willie was sleeping all right. When I got into the room there was a big man taking Willie out of his crib. I rushed at him and tugged and tussled with him until I had the dear little fellow.” Annie meant the baby, not the burglar.

“As soon as I got hold of him I screamed and hollered ‘Perlice!’ just as loud as I could. Two of the girls ran up from downstairs. When I told them there was burglars in the house they ran back to the kitchen, and Rebecca ran over to the station-house to get you to come over and catch the burglars. Some of the girls went and hid in the closets, and some went down into the cellar. They was scared almost to death. Rebecca was the only one except me that wasn’t afraid so much. So I was left all alone to watch little Willie.”

Annie seemed to tell her story with a good deal of enjoyment at the sensation and was perfectly willing that everybody should think she was an awfully brave girl.

“What kind of a looking man was the burglar?” I asked of her.

“He was a great big man and had whiskers. He was strong, too.”

“And you succeeded in getting Willie out of his arms?” I asked again.

“Yes. I pulled and tugged till he let him go. He got scared when he heard me hollering and saw I wasn’t afraid,” said Annie, proudly.

“Where did he go to?”

“He went to the rear window and let himself down

into the yard by the galvanized leader that goes from the roof to the back yard. Then he got away."

"Come with me and let me see the room," I said to her.

She led me up to the third floor into a back room. Willie was sleeping in a crib in the corner of the room near the window. He seemed quite tranquil. The bedclothes were smoothly tucked in around him.

"Was he pulled out of his crib by the man?" I inquired of the girl.

"Yes. But I put him to sleep again and fixed him up in the crib. He goes to sleep easy for a baby. He was awful strong, and I'm glad I got the dear little fellow."

There was a mixture of burglar and baby again in the last sentence. The burglar was "awful strong" and the "dear little fellow" was Willie, the baby.

I looked out into the back yard. The leader ran near the north window of the two that looked out on the area. But it was a bold thing to get to it from the window when there was every chance for missing it and tumbling down on the flags below. I could find no marks of nails or any trace of the escaped burglar on the window, which was open, or on the walls or the leader.

Annie clung to her first statement. The burglar had tried to get away with Willie and she had struggled with him and snatched the baby from him when he got out of the window and made his way down the leader.

I remained in the house till Mr. and Mrs. Stone returned from the theatre. The girls had looked all around, but it seems that the burglar, or burglars, had not taken anything.

"He wanted the baby, and then he would have made

"Mrs. Stone pay to get it back," said Annie, when she heard the other girls say no robbery had been committed.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone were very much excited when they heard of the danger to which Willie had been exposed, and they were deeply moved at Annie's heroism in protecting her baby charge.

"You are a nice, brave girl, Annie," said Mrs. Stone, "and you have saved my darling child. Heaven bless you."

The next morning I called at the Stones' house. Annie repeated her story before the three of us, and afterwards went downstairs.

"Mr. Stone," I said to the gentleman, "what sort of a girl is Annie?"

"She is a very good servant. I have always found her to be the most truthful and trustworthy girl we have ever had. She did just what might have been expected, only it was very plucky in her to grapple with the man that way."

"It was, there's no doubt of that," I answered. "But it seems a little strange that she could have got the baby away and asleep again so soon, and that the burglar left no trace. The bedclothes were not tumbled and there was no confusion in the room."

"Well, Capt. Ryan, I do not doubt the girl's word at all. She has been too faithful a nurse for us to suspect her. I am sorry you should seem to have any suspicion of her."

The story was printed in all the papers and the whole neighborhood was thrilled by the narrow escape and by the heroism of the young nurse girl. Annie became quite a heroine in the eyes of them all, and Mr. and Mrs. Stone thought a great deal more of her than

they had ever done. Annie liked the praise she got and was only too willing to tell the story over again to anybody who wished to hear it.

A month later she came to the station-house and told me that as she came out of a drug store on Third avenue, near Thirty-sixth street, she had seen the very man who had attempted to steal Willie in May. She said as soon as he saw her he got on a Third avenue car and went down the avenue in it.

She had furnished a description of the man at the time of his attempted abduction of darling little Willie, so there was no time to be lost in getting it now. She said he was dressed in the same way he was on that night.

Opposite the station-house there is a livery stable where a cab is kept ready for an emergency, so that it can start at a moment's notice.

I ran across the street and jumped into it. A reporter from one of the daily papers, who chanced to be in the station-house at the time looking for news, came with me. I told the driver to hurry down the avenue after the car, giving him the number which Annie had told me. She said she noticed the number when the kidnapper boarded it. He did not stop it, but ran out and jumped right on, he was so scared when he saw her.

"Why didn't you grab him, Annie?" I asked her.

"I would have, if he hadn't run off so fast just as soon as he saw me come out of the drug store," she replied, proudly.

We caught up to the car in the neighborhood of Nineteenth street. It was stopped and searched. There was no passenger corresponding to the man whom Annie had described. Did the conductor remem-

ber anyone getting off since he passed Thirty-sixth street? No. Did anyone get on there? No. He had not picked up a passenger from Fortieth street to Twenty-third. The driver said no man had got on the front of the car on the whole down trip. When Annie was told this she said she might have made a mistake in getting the number of the car and have got the car behind the one the kidnapper took, but she was sure she recognized the man, and saw him get on a horse-car, and she had come right off to tell me.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone became very much alarmed when they learned that the terrible fellow was seen again so near their house. They felt that Willie was not safe as long as the man was at large. They didn't dare to go out evenings.

Several arrests were made of men answering to the description given by Annie of the burglar, but she promptly declared they were not the fellow when she was confronted with them. It was not safe for anybody who came near the description she had given to be seen loitering around that neighborhood.

This was in June. Annie heard or saw nothing of the man for two months and the alarm had considerably calmed down. Mr. and Mrs. Stone began to go out again evenings. But early in September word was brought to the station-house again that the bold wretch had attempted once more to kidnap little Willie. I went to the house with the men and the same scene and the same story from Annie were gone through with. Mr. and Mrs. Stone were away, the servants were gathered in the kitchen, Annie, after rocking baby to sleep, had gone down to join them, and after some time spent in their company had gone up to see if

Willie was all right. There was the burglar again—the same man! He had Willie in his arms.

Annie struggled dreadfully with him. He did not let go as soon as before and she was afraid he would get away. But finally she got the baby and screamed so loud that the kidnapper rushed to the window and down the leader again into the area.

It was the same story, only Annie was a greater heroine than before. She had fought harder, and it was only with great difficulty that she had wrested the baby from the kidnapper's arms.

When Mr. and Mrs. Stone came back the nursemaid went through it all again for them. Mrs. Stone was in a delicate condition and the fright which this persistent effort to get possession of her infant boy occasioned her made her seriously ill. The care of the family physician and every attention only succeeded in restoring her to good health after ten days.

The next morning I went to Mr. Stone's house. That gentleman came to see me in the handsome parlor of his residence. He looked worried and ill himself.

"Mr. Stone," I said to him, "do you still believe in the truthfulness of your nurse?"

"I do not see any reason to doubt it," he answered. "She has never been caught in a lie. She is very faithful in the care of the baby and seems extremely attached to it. She is a strong girl, too, and in the strength which excitement would give her at a moment like that, and when the burglar would be frightened by her screams, I think she could snatch the baby away from him. Besides," he went on, "what motive could she have in deceiving us?"

"Did Mrs. Stone or yourself give her anything after the first rescue of Willie?" I inquired,

"Ye—es," he said, a little reluctantly, "Mrs. Stone gave her some money."

"Mr. Stone," I said, emphatically, "there is no burglar. Whether the girl is the victim of some hallucination and really fancies she sees a man, or whether she has some purpose by playing such a game, you may rest convinced that her story has no foundation in fact. Now listen and see how improbable it is that she is telling a straight tale.

"This second attempt is exactly like the first. The only thing is that the baby's crib showed some disorder this time, and there was a chair upset in the room. On the first occasion there was not any trace of a struggle and the bedclothing on the crib was quite smooth and neat. That was remarked at that time. The girl saw the surprise occasioned by this, and this time there are marks of disorder.

"Now, admitting that she could wrest the baby from the strong kidnapper, as she says, is it likely that after the baby had been pulled and treated so roughly that he could have gone to sleep so soon, sleep so very tranquilly, and show no redness on his arms or body where he was grasped?

"Annie said she saw the man get on the car. He wasn't found on the car. Then she said she might have got the number of the wrong car. Now, I took care to see whether there was a car near the other, before or behind, and there was not. So she could not have seen the burglar get into the car and have made a mistake in the number of the car, when the one she gave was the very one that the man must have taken if there were any man outside of Annie's brain."

A middle-aged, fine-looking lady was in the parlor,

and listened to my remarks with a good deal of attention.

“Captain,” she said here, “I believe you are right. I have had suspicions myself that the girl is suffering from some fancy, if she is not lying. She is a good girl in other respects, so it seems hard to think she would deliberately lie. But I think my son-in-law has too great faith in her. The girl has been looked on as a heroine ever since that first time when she reported her struggle with the man. The whole neighborhood has been speaking of her courage and what a brave girl she is, and she hears all this from the girls in the other houses. I believe firmly she is lying myself in her desire to win admiration. And if she isn’t, then it is a hallucination.”

Mr. Stone had not seemed to like my throwing discredit on the nurse, but he was impressed by what I said and by the remarks of his mother-in-law.

“Now,” I continued, “if you will come with me I will show you a stronger proof of the girl’s humbuggery.”

I took him to the third floor, into the room from which the burglar had escaped down the leader into the back yard.

“Look there,” I said, bringing him to the window. “You see that pipe? There is a fine delicate Madeira vine growing over it and on the wall at both sides of it. It is full of little blossoms. Now, remember that Annie says the man slid down the leader to the yard. You can tell whether he could do that or not, and not injure that vine. Do you see a single leaf that is torn, or a blossom that is broken, or anywhere that it has been rubbed off the wall?”

“That is true,” said Mr. Stone. “But perhaps—”

“Perhaps he got out some other way?” I interrupted. “Well, in the first place if he had, Annie must have seen him and known that he did not get out by the window. Yet she says he slid down the leader. But she screamed when she first saw him and the girls ran upstairs. They heard nothing and saw nothing. No, believe me, Mr. Stone, Annie has made up this cock-and-bull story. If you discharge her you will not have any more trouble with this fictitious burglar, this man of air. If you don’t, why she is likely to have visits from him at any time, and you know the result to Mrs. Stone’s health already from these exciting accounts which the girl evidently enjoys telling.”

Mr. Stone was convinced. Annie was sent about her business. I told her pretty flatly that her story did not wash. She then confessed that it was an imagination on her part—that she thought she had seen the man.

“How could you think you saw him get on the car, when there was nobody who got on the car at the place you said?” I asked her.

She hung her head and admitted that it was a lie. It was a grand thing to seem to have protected little Willie from a big kidnapper, and the idea had taken such a hold on her mind that she had carried it out.

She had enjoyed the fame of being a heroine, and her employers had only been all the kinder to her. She didn’t think it was any great harm.

This may serve to show how occasionally work is put on the policemen that has no reason for it. It is no wonder that the habitual attitude of an officer or policeman on the municipal force should be one of suspicion. Everything has to be tried and proven be-

fore any conviction about it can be held. It does not do to allow prejudice in favor of a person to lull suspicion, or prevent any consideration of the possibility that the most innocent seeming person may be the one most deeply implicated in the action under investigation.

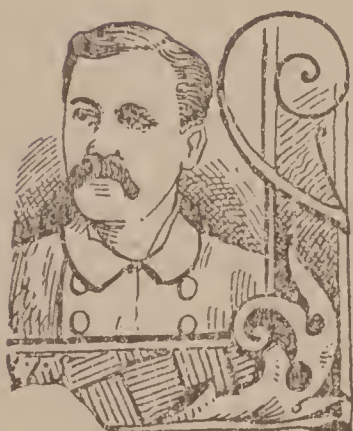
Here was a girl who enjoyed the fullest confidence of her employers as a faithful, honest, truthful servant, who deliberately threw the whole family and neighborhood into a state of alarm and put the police at work hunting up a man of air, simply that she might enjoy the reputation of a heroine and be praised for her courage and fidelity.

I cannot believe that it was hallucination, though the physician was inclined to think that a disordered fancy was at the bottom of the thing. No. The girl lied to create an excitement in which she would figure as the principal figure, and she got a good deal of it, too. Such cases are happily not very common

TRAPPING A DESPERADO.

A STRANGE STORY

BY POLICE CAPTAIN J. H. McCULLAGH.



CAPTAIN J. H. McCULLAGH.

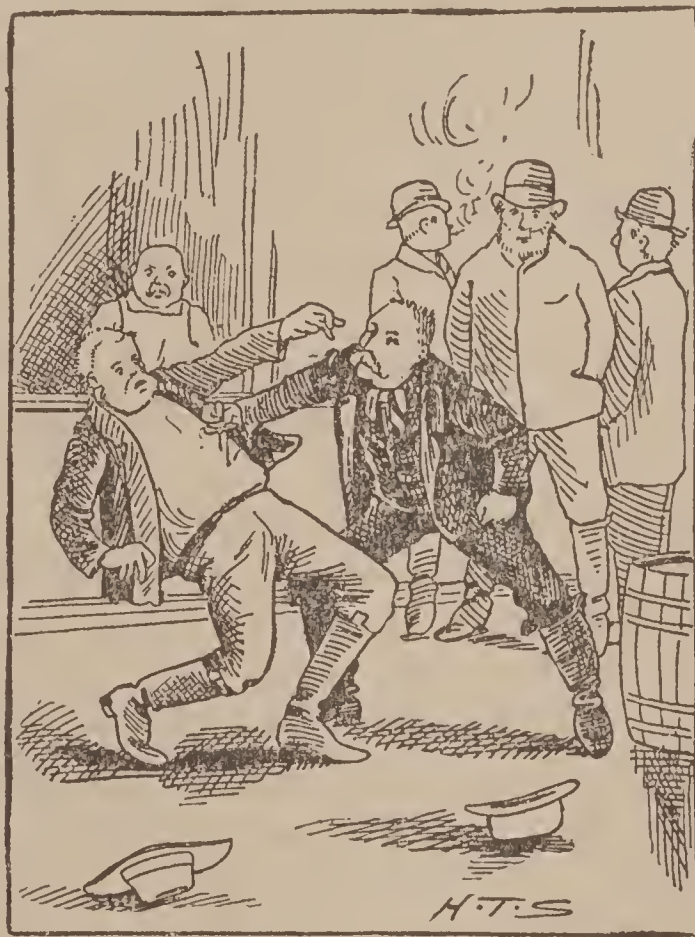
CALIFORNIA JAKE was a lucky villain. Before he came to this part of the country he had rustled around out on the Pacific slope. He put bullets into two men out there and brought them to the end of their tether. They were not great ornaments to society, and California didn't mourn their loss much, but they were not as bad as the fellow who killed them by a good deal.

He got off and came East. All he brought here with him was the nickname by which he was afterwards known—"California Jake." He was as ugly a man outside as he was on the inside—that was ugly enough. Five feet ten and a half inches in height, with black, frizzly hair, and terribly cross-eyed—that was California Jake. So it is clear he wouldn't take a prize at a beauty show.

Jake didn't travel on his shape or his looks. It was brains and luck, and of the two he had more luck than

brains. He escaped hanging for his California murders, and got off pretty easily for some funny business here in New York.

He was squeezed to the extent of four years, which was a little satisfaction, and capturing him was interesting in several respects. He used to hang around



JAKE BORED A HOLE IN HIS BODY.

the sporting places and dives on the Bowery and in the downtown neighborhoods.

One night he was in a beer saloon frequented by sporting men and fellows a good deal of his own stripe. Among them was Billy Wood, the brother of Tom. Wood and California Jake got into a dispute

about something, and were rather hot over it. The upshot of it was that Jake whipped out a knife and bored a hole into Billy Wood's stomach. Wood dropped to the floor and Jake made tracks.

An ambulance was called and Billy Wood was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital. I went over to see him next day and tried to get the story of the row out of him. At first he wouldn't squeal. He had been intimate enough with "California Jake," and whether he thought Jake had some excuse or not, he didn't like to give him away. Finally, he told me that Jake and himself had got to words and from that to rowing, and Jake had struck him in the abdomen with a knife.

Wood died of his wound, but I had his ante-mortem statement that California Jake was his assassin. So I had to set about finding Jake.

I put on citizen's clothes and began my hunt for him. I knew a woman with whom Jake was living, and I felt pretty sure that, sooner or later, she would establish some communication with him. I watched her house steadily for three days, but she did not go anywhere except to the market and a few stores in the neighborhood to get provisions and sundry articles that she needed.

Previously I had scoured all the places where California Jake had been in the habit of going, and a good many others which were frequented by men in his line of business—the pleasure resorts of crooks, where they went to drink and to smoke and to hatch their plots. But I got no trace of him.

I still kept several men out on the lay, ready to nab him if he showed up anywhere, and I stuck to the woman. A woman is often a great help in dropping

on to a criminal. Sometimes, however, they are a bother, too, because if they are sharp and devoted to the criminal, as frequently happens, they can do a great deal to upset things and throw a man off the scent if he isn't pretty careful.

"Belle" was sharp enough. But I had a strong instinct that she could lead me to where Jake was, or would help, not willingly, but unconsciously, to put me within reach of him.

The fourth day of my watch on the young woman (she was young, but not much better looking than California Jake himself) was a terrible day. All kinds of bad weather were let loose on the town. It began by snowing and kept that up till about two inches had fallen. Then it melted so as to fill the streets with slush and pools of water. In the afternoon it turned to a drizzle, a sort of thin mist which looked like a fog. Finally this took to freezing, and after it became sleety and the sidewalks so slippery that you could hardly stand, the day was enough to sicken anybody. I hung around the neighborhood of the house "Belle" lived in, down in a squalid, mean section of the town. Nothing happened in the morning. While I was lounging in a beer-shop which commanded a good view of her door, about two in the afternoon, I saw her come out. She was wrapped in a rubber cloak and had india-rubber overshoes on. She paddled off through the slush and rain.

I followed her. Anybody going out a day like that had a reason for doing it. I saw her turn around the corner, and as she did so she darted a look behind her. She walked rapidly, and I had to keep up a good gait not to lose her. She walked four squares up the street, and then turned a corner very sharply. I caught up

in time to see her whisk around the first street to the right, as her second turn.

It was clearer than ever that she was out for something. I began to think that what she was trying for now was to shake anyone who might be on her steps. Whether she knew me, or if she knew my face whether she had seen it or not, I did not know. At the time she looked back soon after leaving the house I had turned my gaze at a point ahead, so that she should not catch me looking at her.

I followed her in her windings and was kept pretty busy at times in order to catch up with her after she had turned out of sight around a corner. She made so many of these turns that I became certain she was trying to escape if anyone was following her steps.

After turning up a new street she walked a little more than a block and then turned suddenly back and retraced her steps, keeping her eyes on the lookout for both sides of the street. This was a new scheme, and it made me feel that she probably had seen me at that first look back.

As soon as she turned I shot behind a large sign which concealed me pretty well, and as I saw her drawing near stepped in behind a door, which I left three-quarters open.

I waited a few moments, long enough to let her get by, and then cautiously slipped out. I saw her ahead half a square and could tell from the movements of her head that she was still on the lookout.

Our positions were reversed, however, now, and I was following "Belle" once more. She soon turned and went down a side street. I followed. She boarded a horse-car, a Harlem car.

I kept after the car, noticed its number and by run-

ning a bit managed to keep near it for three blocks. Then I ran out and got on it myself. I stayed on the platform and took care not to look in the car. I knew Bet was there, and so I didn't give her the chance to see me look in.

Now Belle rode as far as Twenty-third street and then got out. She stood on the corner watching the car. She wished to see if anyone got off, I suppose. I entered the car—I had been standing on the platform—and rode for a square. Then I took a car that was going downtown, slipping from the front of the car just as the other was passing it and getting hastily in without its stopping. This I managed so that the car I left would be between me and Belle.

She was still standing on the corner, but before I reached it she seemed to have satisfied herself that no one had left it soon enough after to seem to have followed her.

She started down Twenty-third street towards the west side, and I got off and resumed the task of treading in her footsteps. All her movements had convinced me that she was bound somewhere where she did not wish anyone to track her. But whether her turnings and twistings were due merely to a general suspicion, or because she had seen me when she had turned her first corner and looked back I could not tell.

She got to Broadway and turned to the left. I crossed to the opposite side of the street, and when I got to Broadway looked down. Belle had simply turned the corner and stood there watching.

She saw me. As I said, I did not know whether she knew me or not, but I thought she did. At all events, she was as keen as a razor, and if she had seen me at first, seeing me now was enough. The course

she took helped to convince me that she had seen me at first.

She quickly crossed the street to a district messenger office. I hardly knew what to do. If she knew me it was useless to follow her.

Luckily, at this moment I saw a patrolman named



THE GRIZZLY RUFFIAN FAINTED DEAD AWAY IN MY ARMS.

McDonough on the opposite side of the street. He belonged to an uptown precinct, but we were rather friendly. I hurried across to him. He was a young fellow, with a light mustache, and boyish-looking. He was in citizen's clothes.

"Mac," said I, "are you off to-day?"

"Yes," he answered. "Why?"

"I want you to do a favor for me. A woman I am following has dropped to it. It is the biggest kind of luck I met you. She has gone into that district messenger office. She is small, red haired and has a rubber cloak on with a tear on the left side. She is up to some game to throw me off probably. Will you follow her and send word to my place where she goes? Every house she stops at, send the address to me at once at the station and follow her till she goes home."

"All right, I'll do it, though it kind of knocks the stuffing out of my day off," he said. He went across to a store opposite the messenger office. I went to the office and looked in at the window. Belle was writing a message. She finished and looked around. She saw me of course but gave no sign. When she saw I was there, however, she called a boy and gave him the message, speaking to him for a moment giving directions.

The boy came out, and I strolled after him up the street. When I had got a little down I quickened my steps and hailed him. He stopped.

"Can you take a message for me now?" I asked.

"No. I've got to take another," he answered.

"How long will it take you?"

"Oh, a good while. 'Bout two hours."

"Where is it to?" I asked. "Perhaps mine is in the same direction and you can leave it. I don't want any answer, and I will pay you well."

He took out a note and read the address. It was to "George Roberts, No. — West One Hundred and Twentieth street.

I dropped to Belle's scheme at once. She had recognized me, knew I was following her, and was trying

to throw me off the scent. She hoped that I would think that she had decided to send the message to the place instead of going there and would trail off after the messenger boy, leaving her free to go on her way.

I concluded at once that the message was a bluff, that Mistress Belle was bent in an entirely opposite direction from the one in which she hoped I should go after the messenger boy, and that she was greatly bent on getting to her destination herself without being followed.

I only hoped that my plans would not be as easily seen through by her as hers were by me. I told the boy that my message was for an entirely different direction and to go ahead. He went down Twenty-third street towards the L station and I followed him. I knew McDonough would "toil" the woman, and my only desire now was to make Belle think I had bitten at her bait.

It was no use for me to attempt to follow Belle any more at present. I headed straight for the address on her note. I found a neat new building at the number indicated and rang the bell. A girl came to the door.

"Is Mr. George Roberts in?" I inquired.

"There ain't nobody of that name living here," she answered.

"Did anyone live here of that name at any time?"

"No. This is a new house and the family is the first that ever moved in."

I said there was some mistake. Bet had simply picked out a number at random on a street a good way uptown to work me off. There was nothing for me now but to go back and wait to hear something from

Mac. I didn't get anything till 5.30. Then a message came.

"The woman has gone into No. ——— street, East New York. She came straight here from Twenty-third street. MAC."

I knew the place. It was a man who was a friend of California Jake. I took four men with me who knew Jake, and we went straight to the place. The sleet was slanting down in a nasty way and the walking was fearful. It was no sort of a day to be out, except for business.

I told three of the men to take posts around the neighborhood and lay for Jake. I went into the house with the other officer. The man who lived there opened the door himself. He knew me.

"Hello, Captain," he said.

"Hello, Jim," I answered, pushing in. "I've come over to see you."

"Captain, you've come over to see somebody else. But you won't find him. There ain't nobody here. Come in and look. You won't find Jake anywhere."

"All right. Just to accommodate you, I'll take a look around. You come along with me."

I went through the house with Jim in tow. In a back room, on the second floor, Jim's wife and daughter were sitting, and—Belle! Her look when she saw me was worth seeing. To think that I had tracked her after her fine scheme to lead me off was pretty hard on her feelings, and she a red-headed woman, too. The red-headed ones are pretty quick in their feelings. She said nothing, but her eyes spoke pretty loud.

I looked around the room and in the cupboards.

There was no Jake there. "Smith," said I to the officer, "you just stay here with the ladies to keep them from being lonesome till I come back."

Belle got up and said: "Well, I've got to go. I don't belong here."

"Oh, I wouldn't go yet, if I were you," said I.

"Well, I ain't you, thank God, and I'm a going," she snapped back viciously, and started for the door.

"Officer, just see that none of these women leave the room," I said, "while I go through the house with this man."

Belle ripped out a nice expression for my benefit. It must have been a relief to her, and it didn't hurt my feelings. I went off and searched the rest of the house with Jim. There was nobody there.

Then I locked the basement door and the back door, as well as the windows on the lower floor. Next I took Jim up to the second back and locked them all in with the officer there to keep an eye on them.

"Why, what's this for, Captain?" said Jim, while Belle glared at me like a cat.

"Oh, I'm going to stay here a little while. George Roberts may come round to tell Belle what his new address is or Jake may drop in."

If Belle had had a shooter with her I think she would have blazed away at me, she was so mad. As it was, she "fired off her mouth" for all she was worth. But a woman's tongue is like a blank cartridge—it makes a good deal of noise but doesn't wound any one very bad.

I withdrew from the family circle, leaving them to be entertained by Belle, while I stationed myself in the hall near the door.

There I waited two hours and a half. The rain and

sleet were worse than ever. It was a dismal night, and sitting in that dirty little hall in the cold was not very lively business. But I was very glad I waited. I had my reward.

At 9.30 somebody came hurriedly along through the slush and rain and turned in at Jim's. The fellow tried the basement door. Of course it was locked. He came hurriedly to the front door and rang the bell a quick stroke.

At the same moment I heard Belle's voice cry out as loud as she could, "Stay out! The 'cop' is here."

But my men outside had begun to close in on Jake, and he may have seen them and for that reason hastened to get under cover. At all events I opened the door at once and stood behind it as he plunged in, closing it and slipping the bolt in a second.

"Good evening, Jake," I said, tapping him on the shoulder. "I've been waiting for you."

The big, grizzly, cross-eyed ruffian turned round like a flash, saw me and fainted dead away in my arms!

I held him up and, opening the door, whistled. The men outside came in. We took the big fellow into the parlor, laid him on the lounge, tried the water-cure on him by dashing a tumblerful in his face, and he came to.

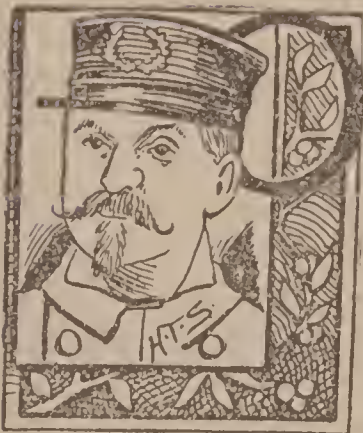
He had the bracelets on him and I took him to the station-house. He gave me his version of the murder, claiming that it was in self-defense. At his trial he got off with four years.

Such was the capture of California Jake. It was an odd thing to have the big chap, covered with sleet, rush in and faint away in my arms like a girl. Belle wouldn't have weakened like that, I'll wager.

IN LYDIG'S WOOD.

A TRAGEDY OF MORRISANIA.

BY POLICE CAPT. NICHOLAS BROOKS.



CAPT. NICH. BROOKS.

NE of those warm September after-
noons which have all the pleasant-
ness of Summer without its exces-
sive heat a Hungarian peddler
came straggling along the Boule-
vard where it enters West Farms.
He was a small man, not more
than five feet three, and slight.
His thin scattered beard was of a
yellowish brown, and his eyes
were dark. He was somewhat stooped and walked
wearily. A pack pretty full of cheap things he had for
sale, such as shirts, socks, cheap jewelry and a miscel-
laneous collection of knickknacks, was swung over his
shoulder.

The poor old peddler was not a very attractive fig-
ure, so thin and weakly, and walked along in that tired
way, his shoes dusty and his clothes patched and dirty.
But he looked so weak and wretched that he was

almost an object of pity. He walked on some rods and went into a country store. After a few moments he came out with a brown paper bag and a piece of cheese in his hand.

There was a bench at one side of the store door and the peddler went over to it, sank down with a sigh of satisfaction, and taking his bag, drew out a cracker and began to eat it, breaking off bits of the cheese to season his humble meal. He was hungry and tired, and although the lunch was not a very savory one, he evidently enjoyed it. He had come from somewhere down in New York to sell his cheap goods to the country folks.

While he sat there with one thin leg crossed over the other, and his lank jaws moving slowly over the dry crackers which he was chewing, a trio came along the same road which the peddler had traversed. The newcomers were three negroes, two of them of the most common, vulgar type, jet black and coarse, while the third was lighter colored. One of the black ones was a huge, muscular fellow.

They spied the peddler, and exchanging a few words together they moved across the road to where he sat, with his pack thrown on the bench by his side, discussing the crackers and cheese.

They seemed to be acquainted with one another, for the peddler nodded and moved his pack, putting it under the bench so that the negroes could sit down. They seated themselves on the wooden bench and the peddler offered them some of his crackers and cheese. He had not much with which to be hospitable, but the poor fellow gave them the best he had.

They all helped themselves to the fare, the big black fellow seeming to have the best appetite. He helped

himself two or three times to the crackers and the four of them soon emptied the bag.

They sat talking together for some moments and then they all rose, the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder and he and the three negroes started up the road, the light-colored one and the smaller black one walking at his right and the big fellow at his left. They walked along in a leisurely way, the peddler showing the least vigor of the three. He dragged his legs along in a tired way and occasionally gave a hitch to his pack as if to get it into an easier position.

They disappeared along the lane leading to Lydig's Wood, which is a large wood about half a mile above West Farms, which lies near the Bronx at about two and a half miles from the police station of that precinct.

This was on Thursday afternoon. An old negro had charge of Lydig's Wood, and used to gather brush and old broken branches in it, and use them for firewood. The next Saturday he was roving around through the wood picking up these stray bits of firewood when he came upon a shocking sight.

About two hundred yards from the road, in a little cleared space in the wood, lay the poor peddler, dead, his skull crushed in by a heavy rock! His pack was half empty and no money or valuables were found on his person.

On his way back the negro saw a large rock with blood stains on it. After hurling the stone at the peddler, where he had fallen, probably, for the side of his head was smashed in, the murderer had cast the stone away, taking no further trouble to conceal it.

A despatch was sent out from headquarters giving a description of the three negroes and ordering their

arrest for the murder of the peddler in Lydig's Wood. One of the negroes had a blear eye.

The dead man was taken to the station-house. On his back, near the neck, was a bruise as if he had been struck by something heavily. The poor wretch presented an awful spectacle. His skull was all crushed by the rock, and his thin face and bony hands were contracted with pain.

Inquiry was at once instituted along the Boulevard and at West Farms and through the entire neighborhood, to learn if anything had been seen or heard of the three negroes. Several persons had seen the four together at West Farms, but for two or three days no news was learned of them after they disappeared up the lane into Lydig's Wood.

On the third day a boy was found at Hunt's Point, three miles from the murder, who said that on Thursday afternoon, pretty late, he had seen two negroes walking along the Boulevard, and that they had stooped and torn up some paper and then gone on. In his curiosity he had gathered up the pieces after they got out of sight.

Moreover, near these torn bits of paper, which averaged about an inch in length, he had found a scrap of paper with something written on it. This was not torn. It was a square piece of unruled paper, folded, and the corners rubbed round, and pretty dirty on the outside, as if it had been carried around in somebody's pocket.

The pieces of paper and the soiled untorn piece were taken from the boy and brought to the station-house. Capt. Hedden put them carefully together, pasting them on a piece of clean glass with the written side down. When the glass was turned around he managed to decipher the writing.

It was a certificate of membership in some society, and showed that Abraham Weissburg had been admitted to it some three years before on paying the admission fee of \$15. Weissburg was the unfortunate peddler who had been murdered in Lydig's Wood. He had been in the habit of carrying the certificate around with him in a greasy old pocketbook, so that if any accident happened to him application for relief could be made to the society in his behalf.

The other paper was a prescription written in Latin, as physician's prescriptions usually are. What it was and for what sickness it was hard to tell. The paper was a blank sheet about the size of a quarter sheet of note paper. It had no head-line to show by what druggist it had been put up, nor was it signed by any name. The writing was in green ink and in one corner was a date in black ink. Whether this belonged to the peddler or to one of the negroes was hard to say. But the fact that it was found folded lying among the torn bits of paper was some ground for believing that it belonged to the big negro and that he had pulled it from his pocket with the other papers and had not noticed its fall. Some of the torn fragments were lying on it, but none under it, for the boy said he looked to see if there were any.

As the peddler and the three negroes all belonged clearly to the poorer class there was a possibility that this prescription had been issued from one of the hospitals or free dispensaries. They were all visited, but none of their officials could recall the prescription, and they did not believe it came from a public institution.

"The handwriting is German," said the man at the New York Hospital, "and I fancy that the prescrip-

tion was given out by some apothecary, perhaps to a friend."

When asked for what disease the prescription had probably been given, I learned that it was a contagious one to which sailors are subject.

In the meantime arrests were constantly being made of negroes who fell under suspicion. The description of them which had been given to the police department and sent out with the general order to arrest the murderers, to the several precincts, was a very incorrect one. It is more difficult to describe a common negro so that he can be recognized than it is a white man, as they have so many points in which they all agree. Hence, in the excitement of the case, and with a wrong description, many were arrested who had to be released, as there was no evidence against them.

If this prescription could be traced to the man who had it from the druggist, it would be a good clue to the murderer, if the supposition was correct that it belonged to him and not to the peddler.

I resolved to try the drug stores. By one of those chances which seem so singular in the face of probabilities, a clue was obtained much sooner than could have been expected. Here was a prescription which possibly had been issued by some druggist in the city of New York. From the character of the writing there was reason to think that he was a German, but this was not certain, and even if correct, left a pretty wide field for search. The fact that it was a prescription for a contagious malady frequently found among sailors seemed to show that probably a druggist near the water-front might have issued it. But though frequently affecting sailors, the disease was not en-

tirely restricted to them, in which case the reasoning did not hold.

This may serve to show how roomy a search lies before a detective or an officer who starts off to find out something. What occurred may also show how, at times, good luck assists him. I had started to begin this quest, and the first apothecary store I came to was on the northeast corner of Mott and Canal streets.

I went in. A short, thick-set man of German type was behind the counter. I approached him and taking the prescription from my pocket handed it to him.

"Do you know anything about that prescription?" I asked.

He adjusted his spectacles, opened the paper, looked through it rapidly and said:

"I put it up myself. I remember it."

"For whom did you put it up?" I inquired.

"For a steward on a sailing vessel. But it has been filled since," he continued. "You see that date in black on the prescription? That shows that it was filled again."

This was luck surely, to have found in the very first druggist that I approached the one who had issued the prescription.

I got the name of the vessel on which the man was steward. There must have been some connection between him and the negro if the latter had dropped it from his pocket as I supposed.

I went to the office. I entered almost at the same time that Inspector Thorne did.

"I have found the druggist who filled the prescription," I said to him.

"That is a very good thing, and quickly done," he

answered, "but they have secured the murderers and they have 'squealed.' We have got the whole story from them."

It was true. Capt. McDonnell had captured the light-colored fellow, William Weston. He had something which distinguished him from the other—it was in being blear-eyed. Capt. McDonnell found out where a negro answering to this description lived. He had not shown up, though, since the day of the murder. A white woman, however, named Annie Kane, was associated with Weston. Capt. McDonnell captured him just as he was leaving her house.

He denied all knowledge of the murder. He had on a pair of light-colored trousers, and over them a pair of overalls. They were taken off at the station-house and his trousers were found to be damp, as if they had been washed. When asked to account for this, the negro said he had fallen into a stream while he was wandering around in the country up above Harlem. When they examined the trousers blood stains were found on them. He had evidently tried to wash them out recently.

Annie Kane had been brought to the station-house, and had been told that it was better for her to tell all she knew about the murder, because her relations to Weston were known and it might go hard with her. She then told several things, which showed that Weston was in the habit of associating with Weissburg and that he believed Weissburg had \$200 or \$300, which he carried around on his person.

Weston was the most intelligent of the three, or to speak more correctly, he was the least stupid. About this same time Officer McGowan had arrested two negroes—one of them a big black fellow—on the

Boulevard up in the neighborhood of the murder. It is a strange fatality that leads a murderer back to the spot where the crime has been committed.

When they were brought to the station-house I remarked that one of them wore a cheap shirt like those which had been found in the peddler's pack. But these were of a common pattern and material, such as are found in a dozen places on the Bowery and in downtown clothing stores, so it was not much of a help.

When Weston found the two were captured, and that Annie Kane had said enough to implicate him, he tried to save himself by giving away the others. He said he was with them when they did the murder and got some of the effects. They had been disappointed about the money. The peddler really had \$200 or \$300, but he did not carry his money about with him. They found \$40 on his person and divided that.

When William Thompson and George Ellis, the other two, heard how Weston had tried to save himself by sacrificing them, they told their version of it, and, what with their admissions and sifting things the whole thing came out.

Weston knew Weissburg. Weston used to travel up through Morrisania a good deal and saw the peddler making his rounds up there also. He found out that Weissburg had some money, and thought it would be a good scheme to get him up in some unfrequented part of the neighborhood, crack him on the head and get the money.

He proposed this to Thompson and Ellis. Thompson was the big fellow. They agreed to meet Weston in Morrisania, and if the peddler showed up to fix him. They found him eating his crackers and cheese, and coming up took from the poor wretch, whose murder

they were contemplating, some of his simple fare, which he shared freely with them.

They proposed to walk up the lane with him, and the four went along the lane into Lydig's Wood. When they got some distance into the wood, they asked Weissburg to go off the road into a pleasant open space and sit down there and have a drink.

When they got along to the spot where Weissburg's body was found, seeing the coast clear, Thompson dropped behind and, picking up a straight piece of fallen wood, raised it and dealt a heavy blow on the neck and shoulder of the peddler.

He fell to the ground, stunned and bleeding.

"My God!" he cried out, in a pitiful voice, "what are you going to do—kill me?"

He was hit again, and exclaimed: "God save me!" as he was stretched along the ground. Weston then seized the large rock and hurled it down with all his might on the victim's head. It crushed his skull to pieces.

The murderers went through the clothing and took the valuables from it, and also took such things from his pack as they could secrete well enough, and made off.

Strange to say, the miserable wretches fancied they would get off with a comparatively light sentence.

"Do you think I'll get more'n ten years?" Weston asked of one of the officers.

"Yes, I think you'll get the end of a rope," was the answer.

They did. The three of them were hung at the Tombs. They were a coarse, hardened trio, and the counsels of the clergymen who talked with them did not produce any very serious results.

One thing deserves mention in regard to their execution. Weston and Ellis both died without any very great muscular contortions, their hanging being as painless and successful as could be expected. Thompson was the big wretch who had struck the poor peddler after he was down, when the murdered man had exclaimed: "God save me!"

He was choked to death. He was seen to make a desperate effort to raise his pinioned hands, and some of those who were nearest heard in choking tones from under the cap that covered his head the words: "God save me!"

It was a brutal, sordid murder, and the criminals had nothing to excite the slightest commiseration in anyone. They planned the killing of the weakly little peddler to get his earnings, and sat down and accepted hospitality from him before they inveigled him into the wood and struck him dead. When they were captured they were all ready to criminate each other for the sake of saving their own miserable necks.

The prescription had belonged to Thompson, and he had pulled it from his pocket in drawing out the peddler's certificate. He did not know where he had lost it. The steward had given it to him. If it had been necessary to work up the case from this clue it might have been a long and difficult task.

A GOTHAM DON JUAN, WHOSE RASCALITY WAS AT A PREMIUM.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN J. A. WESTERVELT.



CAPT. WESTERVELT.

YOU do not know the man. I assure you he is one of the finest, most honorable fellows in the world.”

The remark was made warmly, and showed the speaker’s indignation at an aspersion cast upon his friend. It came from a wealthy Bostonian, and was addressed to an insurance agent of one of the prominent Massachusetts life insurance companies.

“Well,” retorted the agent, “the time will come when you will admit that I was more correct than yourself in regard to Howard Morley’s character.”

“That may be,” said Mr. Salters, “but until it does I shall continue to think your estimate of him is wholly unmerited.”

Howard Morley, the subject of the remarks passed between Mr. Salters and George Briggs, was an agent for one of the largest New York insurance companies.

He was an attractive man, thirty years of age, finely built and remarkably winning in his manners. His persuasive eloquence was of the utmost utility to him in his business capacity, and the company which employed him issued more policies through his efficient canvassing than by the efforts of any other of its staff of employes.

Morley moved in a social circle only one degree removed from the exclusive Beacon Hill set. In his dress he exhibited the utmost elegance and perfect taste. He lived in a handsome suit of rooms at the Parker House and was lavish in his money expenditures. He gave frequent dinners, and his wit and suavity of manner made invitations to them an object of desire to his acquaintances. When Morley had warmed up over his Pommery Greno Extra Sec he bubbled over with brilliant talk, and would keep the whole table roaring over his witty stories.

But Morley's chief success was with the ladies. He was a great favorite among them. He was a married man and had one child. But this did not interfere with his gallantry, and every pretty woman he met he paid court to. He did this in such a way that each of those to whom he paid his attentions fancied herself the special object of his regard.

Mr. Salters was Morley's bondsman. He was also the husband of Mrs. Salters, a lively little brunette who was rather given to flirting. Morley's intimacy with Mr. Salters brought him into frequent contact with Mrs. Salters. She, young, witty and pretty, and a good deal of a coquette, naturally enough brought Morley to her feet. There was scarcely any entertainment at which one was without the other being there as well,

These attentions of Howard Morley to his bondsman's pretty wife, gave rise to some comment. But he had such a frank, open, cheerful way that it was hard to get vexed with him, and any one who was brought into personal relations with the man could not fail to be affected by his magnetism.

Mr. Salters regarded him with perfect satisfaction. He was a quiet, easy-going fellow, and he found it a relief to have Morley escort Mrs. Salters to the various places of entertainment, so that he could rest in a snug corner of his club, with the *Advertiser* to comfort him and his own cronies close at hand in case he wished to talk instead of read.

Briggs, the agent, asked him if he knew that people were talking about Morley, and coupling his name with that of Mrs. Salters rather unpleasantly. Briggs hinted pretty openly that Morley had only his salary to live on, and that was not enough to pay for the support of his own family, give frequent suppers, with unlimited champagne, at the Parker House, and keep himself dressed as he did.

It was to these remarks of Briggs that Mr. Salters had said that he (Briggs) did not know Morley, who was the soul of honor.

"Briggs belongs to a rival company and is jealous of Morley's success in business," Mr. Salters thought to himself. "What wonder that he should like to throw a cloud on Morley's good name! Pshaw!"

The result was that Mr. Salters became even more indifferent, if possible, to his wife's trotting round with Howard Morley. Things went on in this way quite pleasantly until Spring, when Mrs. Salters departed for Europe. At the same time Howard Mor-

ley also went to Europe. They both took the same steamer.

This was a little too much even for Mr. Salters. He wrote to friends of his in Europe and learned that Morley and his wife were traveling from one Continental city to another and enjoying themselves a great deal.

Mr. Salters engaged a detective to shadow them. The detective had not been on the case a week before he submitted to Mr. Salters the most reasonable grounds for indignation.

About the same time Mr. Salters received a letter from his wife saying in the frankest way that it was doubtful if she returned to Boston, as, not to put too fine a point on the thing, she had left him and was enjoying herself very well with Mr. Morley. She felt it was only fair to let him know.

After this cheerful news Mr. Salters hustled around and instituted proceedings for a divorce, which he obtained without any trouble except from his intense disinclination for the inevitable notoriety which it crowded on him.

The hardest cut was from Briggs. That young man met Mr. Salters while the divorce suit was going on. He stopped and said :

“Do you still think Morley is one of the best and most honorable fellows in the world, Mr. Salters?”

“You were right,” said Mr. Salters, gloomily. “He is a —— villain, and all the worse for being one of the most agreeable men a person could meet.”

“Well, he is given to taking things,” continued Briggs, “that belongs to other people. He never paid his Boston bills and the expenses of his trip to Europe out of money that he had earned.”

“What are you so interested in the blackguard for?” asked Mr. Salters abruptly. “Has he ever run away with your wife?”

“No, I haven’t one,” said Briggs, smiling. “Probably that is the reason. But I am interested in him. To tell you frankly—”

“Don’t say you will tell me frankly,” interrupted Mr. Salters with a sore recollection of Morley’s frankness, perhaps. “It makes me feel as if you were going to tell me a tremendous lie.”

“Well, I can tell you frankly without saying I am going to do so, then,” returned Briggs. “The cold fact is that Morley is as good an insurance agent as he is a masher. There is not a man in the country who is better suited to the business. He could get a miser to take out a hundred thousand dollar policy if he set about it, I believe. Naturally he is the more injurious to the other companies in proportion to his success with his own. The New York — Insurance Company would shut its eye to Morley’s getting away with a few thousand a year from them sooner than lose him. I am sorry for you, Mr. Salters, but it is a great relief, to know that he is out of the insurance business in this country. We other insurance men have a better show now.”

Mr. Salters didn’t seem to think that the benefit to the insurance companies quite evened things up when that benefit was secured by the successful agent’s having run away with his wife. But it was a topic he did not care to discuss at any great length, and he broke away from Briggs.

This episode in Howard Morley’s frisky career occurred before I had anything to do with him.

A year after this occurrence, which gave such a sen-

sational wind-up to Morley's stay in the Hub, a young man came to the office to see me. He seated himself in a chair, and I waited for him to speak.

"Captain Westervelt, I think I have got on the track of a villain—a smooth, plausible villain, as slippery as glass. I want to get your help in running him down."

"What is the person's name, and what is the charge?" I inquired.

"His name is Howard Morley, and he used to be an agent for the New York — Insurance Company. Now, I know that he has embezzled from the company. The company knows it, too, I am pretty certain. They are investigating the matter now. But I have some doubts what the results will be. If they could get him back with them they would probably let the matter drop for the sake of securing his services. They might let him know that they had found it out, and use that to keep him in their service. I think they would be glad to have such a hold on the man."

"You wish to have the man arrested?"

"Yes."

"And you will make the charge against him?"

"Yes."

"A charge of embezzling from the New York — Insurance Company?" I continued.

"Yes."

"May I ask your name?"

"George Briggs."

"Well, Mr. Briggs, may I ask you why you are bringing this charge against Morley? You say the company which used to employ him and from which he has embezzled have had their attention drawn to the matter and are actually investigating the thing at

present. Are you the representative of the company?"

"No," returned Mr. Briggs; "I am an insurance man, but I am in the service of a company which is the chief rival of the New York ——. They do not want to have Morley work for that company, and there is a probability of their getting him back. The reason is simply a business one. Morley is one of the best canvassers in the country, and he hurts the company I belong to a good deal. If he is exposed it may get him out of the way or make him of less value.

"Besides, Captain," continued Briggs leaning forward in his chair, "I have a grudge of my own against the fellow. He is not only a good insurance man, but he is a masher, and, to give you a straight tip, he came between me and somebody that I was very much interested in."

"Oh!" said I. The case of Briggs versus Morley began to be a little clearer. He had a personal spite against the dashing insurance man for cutting him out.

"Why, Captain, I believe he is in New York now. He left Boston suddenly last year, and the wife of his bondsman left the city at the same time. They went to Europe. There was a divorce suit. Now, whether Morley has left the lady in Europe, or whether she is here in New York, I do not know. But he is back here."

"Do you know the lady to whom you refer?" I inquired.

"Yes. I am very well—that is—I am slightly acquainted with the lady," said Mr. Briggs, with some hesitation.

"Can you describe her to me? It will be a help, perhaps, in getting at Morley."

"She is a brunette and rather small. She is lively and bright, with large black eyes, small nose and very regular white teeth. She is a beautifully formed woman, too."

Mr. Briggs was quite fluent in this description, and seemed to have a perfectly defined image of the lady in his mind. I suspected that the lady with whom the fascinating Morley had cut him out was the same person as the latter's companion in his trip to Europe.

"What was the lady's name?" I asked.

"Mrs. Frederick Salters. But there is no need of her being brought into the thing any more than necessary. I gave you her description because it might be a help to getting at him, but I would not like to see her getting any publicity from the thing if it can be possibly avoided," said Mr. Briggs, with a good deal of earnestness.

"Very well. Now, what makes you think that Morley is here in New York?"

"Why, I saw him!" said Mr. Briggs. "I was coming downtown on the Sixth avenue 'L' yesterday, and as the train stopped at Forty-second street the up train came by at the same time. I was looking out of the window and then, in the other car, I saw Morley sitting next the window. It was only a moment, and he has grown a full beard which he wears parted in the middle and brushed back at the sides. This makes a difference in his appearance, for when he was in Boston he only wore a mustache. But I knew him. I couldn't be mistaken."

Mr. Briggs gave me a full description of Morley and I promised to do what I could with the case.

This was in the morning. That evening I was sitting in my room at 8.30 when a quick knock was heard at the door, and when I said "Come in!" Briggs hastily entered the room.

"Captain," he said at once, in an excited tone. "Morley is at the Park Theatre at this moment. I saw him. Can't you arrest him when he is coming out or call him out and get him that way?"

I reflected a moment, then I said:

"You go back and keep your eye on him. I will be there soon. If anything should detain me I will send my detective with you, and you show him the fellow and he will see where he goes."

Briggs was not altogether satisfied because I did not rush off at once to the theatre and hale Morley off. But he went back with my detective, whom I had called in and told what was to be done.

I wanted to see some officer of the New York — Company to see if Briggs' story about knowing Morley's methods were correct. I had tried to see the president that afternoon, but he was not at the company's office, and so I got his address and that of the vice-president. Something had demanded my immediate attention, however, and I had not yet been able to go to their residences.

I took a cab and went to the house of the president on an uptown cross street. He was not at home. They told me the time he would probably be in, but it was a late hour. I went, consequently, to the vice-president's address. He lived in a large fashionable flat, nearly two miles from the president's house.

He, too, was out. But when I inquired where he had gone, as luck would have it, he was himself at the Park Theatre!

I went directly there. I found my detective standing in the rear of the theatre.

"Where is Morley?" I asked of him, after carelessly making my way to where he stood.

"In the parquet, in the eighth row from the front, in the fourth seat from the aisle."

I looked and saw a fine-looking fellow answering to the description that had been received of Morley. He sat next to a lady, whose escort he evidently was. But she did not tally at all with the description of Mrs. Salters. She was large, with light brown hair and blue eyes.

"Where is Briggs?" I then inquired. The detective pointed out his seat. It was in the opposite part of the house from where Morley sat.

I tore a leaf out of my notebook and wrote on it: "Come back. I want to see you a moment." This I gave to an usher, who carried it to Briggs. He left his seat and came to where we were.

"Look around and see if Mr. —— is here. They told me he was. I do not know him."

Briggs scanned the house, and after a moment or two said: "There he is!" and indicated to me the place in which the vice-president was sitting. He was unfortunately only a little in front of where Morley sat. If he were to be called out it might excite Morley's suspicions and he would perhaps leave at once. In that case I would have to arrest him before I had seen Mr. ——, or else follow him to his house and have less chance of getting him.

"At the end of the play, when Morley comes out, you speak to him and keep him talking for a moment," I said to the detective. "I want to speak to that other fellow a moment."

The play was over soon after and the vice-president was out before Morley. He left his seat quickly and hurried up the aisle the moment the curtain fell, as if to avoid the crowd. I addressed him and asked for a moment's talk in the lobby.

"Is it true that Howard Morely was employed by your company and that you are investigating some irregularity of his to see if he has stolen from the company? I am Capt. Westervelt, of the Metropolitan Police, and wish to know if that is true," I said to him briefly.

"Yes; it is true that such an investigation is going on. There is reason to think that he has misappropriated money, but the company makes no charge as yet."

This satisfied me of the truth of Briggs' story. I went back. The house was nearly empty. Morley was standing apart talking to the detective with his back to me. The lady was standing some little distance away looking bored at being kept waiting.

When I approached him and saw his face, he had a very irritated look.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked imperiously of me, when the detective had said: "Here's someone who wants to see you!"

"The meaning is, Mr. Morley, that I have to arrest you. You had better put the lady quietly into the carriage and let her go home. You can make some excuse for leaving her. In that way you can avoid a scene. Go out with her. But I shall keep very close to you, and if you attempt to escape, you will only make things more disagreeable."

"I will not attempt to escape," he said in a bitter tone. "Who is making the charge against me?" he asked in a low voice.

“George Briggs,” I answered.

A peculiar smile came over his face. It had something of triumph in it, and his look seemed to convey that he understood the matter.

“It would pay Briggs better to go to Europe and leave me alone,” he said, in a half-muttering tone.

In a moment he had composed his features, and, going over to the lady, made some smiling excuse to her. They went downstairs together and we very close behind them. He called a cabman, gave him an address in too low a tone to be heard, and then she drove away.

From what Morley said to me, I learned that Briggs’ dislike to him was on account of his successful suit with Mrs. Salters. She was the lady in whom Briggs was interested, and where he was “cut out” by Morley.

But Briggs did not get the satisfaction he expected. At least not wholly. The New York — Company refused to appear against Morley, and Briggs’ charges were not proven. Morley got off, and instituted a suit against Briggs and myself for false imprisonment.

The upshot of it was that Morley was made a little too prominent, and certain actions of his and certain rumors and suspicions became too well known for him to find this locality a comfortable one. He went away from the city altogether.

I believe his wife forgave him and accompanied him when he fell into disgrace. This was a better fate than the fellow deserved. She might have forgiven him his embezzling money, but it was harder to condone his leaving her and taking somebody else’s wife to Europe. Morley had left Mrs. Salters there after traveling around for eight or nine months. That was the kind of a young man Howard Morley was.

A STILL HUNT

IN NEW YORK'S ROTTEN ROW

BY POLICE CAPTAIN T. R. REILLY.



CAPT. T. R. REILLY.

NEW YORK is not altogether the city it was. Plenty of the municipal police who have served for twenty years or more on the force can remember dives and ugly spots which used to be centers of evil doings and the haunts of rogues which have now been wiped out. Five Points was once a name which was terrifying throughout the country. That has been whitewashed into quite a respectable neighborhood. "Paradise Park" has a better sound than the Five Points and the locality is as greatly altered as the name.

There were several places that were rivals of the Five Points. I had some experience of one of them in an arrest which I had to make when I was in a precinct further downtown than the one in which I am at present. It was between Canal and Spring streets.

Such a wreck of buildings it would not be easy to find! They are gone now, and a good riddance to them.

Old tumble-down houses they used to be. Dark, narrow passageways, small rooms, with twice the number of occupants they could conveniently hold, wooden stairs that were crumbling with age and with break-neck holes in them, and dark corners everywhere. It was called by a happy choice of name for such a woe-begone tumbling lot of buildings, "Rotten Row."

It was rotten to the core. Rotten in the hive itself with mouldy woodwork, tumbling brick walls and crazy stairs, and rotten in the tenants, who were cutthroats, thieves, sharps of every kind and a scattering of the "gentler sex," not so much gentler after all.

A stranger who got into this labyrinth and had to find his way round would sooner have had a guide than trust to his own skill. But for somebody who knew the place it was still more of a labyrinthine winding. There were big breaks in the walls, so that a person could make his way through a dozen houses and stray around under cover for quite a district. A man could work through with a little stooping and squeezing from Canal to Spring streets.

As the whole lot of tenants were in league, it furnished a good lurking-place for a criminal. A man could stay successfully hidden in this honeycombed raft of houses for days, and a criminal who got in here could escape detection for weeks.

All the sympathies of this beautiful neighborhood were with a criminal. The hands of its habitues were against every one, and the hands of the police were pretty often against them.

A case came up in which "Rotten Row" played a conspicuous part. It was a shelter and for several days a safe refuge for a man whom the law wanted

to have a brief interview with. The task of capturing the man, who for reasons of his own was not anxious to have this interview with the law, fell on me. He was a criminal who had fled to "Rotten Row" for sanctuary.

One night a respectable-looking man was carted off in an ambulance from one of the downtown streets to the hospital. He was a respectable middle-aged man who had been kept out late by some business and was making his way through the street, a pretty quiet one at that time of the night, for it was nearly 1 o'clock, when he heard some one behind him quickening his steps as if to overtake him.

There was no one in sight before him. He glanced around to see who the person was. The only other wayfarer was a stoutly built young fellow with broad shoulders and a bristling mustache. He had a soft felt hat slouched over his face, doubtless for the purpose of concealing his features.

Altogether, this young man was not a very attractive specimen of humanity. He didn't look like a Sunday-school superintendent, nor even like an honest laborer who drew his wages regularly Saturday night and took them home to his wife, to have her use them as she saw good in getting clothes for the children or in paying the grocer's bill for the family provisions.

No. He didn't look like that kind of a man. He walked too much with his shoulders. There was a roll in his gait and his hands were in his pockets. He was, in fact, the style of fellow who have their photographs taken not to give around among their friends nor to send to their relatives in the country. When this kind of a young man has his taken he is corralled in a room and a camera is pointed at him, a good deal

to his disgust. He doesn't try to look natural. Frequently he casts his eyes down and works the muscles of his mouth into an expression that he doesn't carry around with him as a general thing. He is not anxious to have a "perfect likeness." It is going to adorn the photograph album which is hung in a police station, and is meant for the benefit of a class for which the man entertains anything but a hearty liking.

So our respectable friend, who had on a gold watch and heavy gold chain, and had a wad of \$200 in his waistcoat pocket, thought he would enjoy the view of this man's back a good deal better than having him in the rear, where his movements couldn't be so well observed.

He lagged a little to allow the fellow to pass. The young fellow swaggered up, and as he was opposite to the gentleman, whipped his hands out of his pockets and made a grab for the gold watch and chain. He was so quick that he would have wrenched the chain from the buttonhole if it had not been unusually strong. As it was, the gentleman had time to clutch hold of it, and in a state of great alarm he yelled for the police.

The thief, in running his hand into the gentleman's pocket, may have felt the roll of bills. He had probably meant to get away with the watch and let the gentleman go. But when he felt the roll of bills and saw what a respectable-looking man he was he thought it would pay to make a bigger job of it.

There was not much time to be lost. The cries of his victim might reach the ears of a policeman, though there did not happen to be any in sight.

As if to favor the thief or possibly because he had

tried to grab his man at this point, a load of brick was lying near the sidewalk. The young fellow snatched up a brick from the heap and ran after the man, who had broken away from him. He had not much of



HE BROUGHT DOWN THE BRICK WITH A CRUSHING FORCE.

a start, because grabbing the brick took only a moment, and the young fellow soon overtook him.

He caught hold of the gentleman's vest as he came up and gave such a wrench to it that he fairly tore it half way off. His victim redoubled his cries, and the thief, seeing he had not got what he wanted, and los-

ing patience, brought down his right hand, with the brick in it, with crushing force on the other one's head.

It broke into his skull and he dropped to the pavement, his legs twitching as if he were in a fit. The young man went through him, relieved him of his watch, the roll of bills and a pocketbook with several valuable papers in it, and made off.

The gentleman was found by a patrolman lying senseless on the sidewalk. An ambulance was summoned, and he was conveyed to the hospital. His brain was injured, and for some time he lay unconscious between life and death, and then had a violent fever.

When he recovered sufficiently he gave such a description of his assailant as he could. A young, strongly built fellow, not more than twenty, with a bristling mustache. His eyes had been too shaded by the hat to tell what color they were, and the gentleman confessed to having been so excited that he did not get a very clear idea of the rascal's appearance.

Most of the prominent crooks of a neighborhood are known to the police. I had some idea of who it might be that had done the thing. I put on citizen's clothes and began to work on the case.

The attack had been made in the neighborhood of Canal street. From the use of the brick I did not believe the thief had meant to inflict any injury on the gentleman, but at first intended, as I said, to snatch his watch and get off with it. At the utmost he had probably thought of nothing more than knocking the man down. But finding that he seemed to be a good subject with plenty of money about him, and seeing the pile of bricks at hand, he had adopted the idea of knocking him in the head with the brick in order to paralyze

him, and if it killed him that was not a thing that worried the thief very much.

So I concluded that my man came from somewhere in that neighborhood, and if so, there was no place as likely to be either his residence or his refuge as "Rotten Row."

I hung around there trying to get some clue. I would drop into the beer-saloons and bar-rooms and listen to the men talk while I pretended to read the papers. Sometimes I would get into conversation with the men that would lounge in for drinks.

There was a cheap eating-house along there, and fellows would often bring in some girl and have supper there. One evening I was in this place, sitting at one of the small tables, near two men who were taking something to eat. While we were there a girl came in alone and walked along with a sort of swaggering air to a table in the corner.

The two men followed her with their eyes. Then one of them said in an undertone to the other:

"Isn't that Jim's girl?"

"Used to be," said the other, shortly. "He's got another one now. I hain't seen him with her for a month."

"Where is Jim? I haven't seen him for some time."

"I guess you won't see him for a while. He's layin' low," returned the second fellow.

"Why, what's he been up to, now?" inquired the first.

"Don't know," was the answer. "But I think he knows something——" Here the speaker lowered his voice so that I could not catch what he said, although I was listening very attentively. The first

man leaned his head over so as to catch what the other said.

“The feller ain’t dead, is he?” he inquired audibly enough for me to hear, after the remark was finished.

“Dunno. He was taken to the hospital,” said the informant.

The name of one of the fellows whom I suspected of cracking the gentleman on the head with the brick was Jim, and I thought they might be referring to him.

They went out pretty soon, after giving a glance at me as they rose to leave. I went over to the table where the girl sat and engaged her in conversation.

She was ready enough to talk. I tried not to say anything to excite her suspicions. I found out she lived in “Rotten Row,” and that sometimes she came into this little restaurant to get her supper. I got her to promise to come around the next evening and take supper there, and said I would be there and pay for it.

“I’ll come around any time you want to pay the bill,” she said with a grin. “It’s so much in.”

The next night, I had waited about half an hour before Jennie showed up. When she did come she seemed a little bit excited, and answered pretty short to any remarks I had to make to her.

“What’s the matter, Jennie?” I said at last.

“Oh, nothin’!” she said sulkily.

“What’s upset you?” I repeated, sympathetically.

“Why, it’s pretty mean in a fellow to go back on a woman without any reason for it,” she said.

“Yes, that’s true enough. Who’s the fellow that’s been treating you so?”

“Oh! he’s a fellow that if he knew what was good for him would keep on my right side,” she said viciously.

"You've got him where you can pinch him, have you?" I said, laughing.

"Yes, I have. And I'll do it, too," she retorted, and in a low tone, but with a good deal of emphasis.

"Who is it? Perhaps I can help you. There's no harm in telling me about it," I said to her. "It's all between ourselves."

"You see that?" She rolled up her sleeve and showed me a black-and-blue mark on her arm. "That's what I got last night, for nothin'."

The girl was laboring under a sense of indignation, and would evidently be glad to get even with the fellow who had hurt her.

"That isn't much. If that's the worst he ever did to you, you got off easily enough."

"It's just too much from him," she said sulkily, "and I'll make him sorry for it."

"Jennie, are you talking about Jim? If you are, why I'll help you to square accounts with him. Is he the man?"

"Yes, he is. What can you do?" she asked, feeling of her arm.

"I can do this. I am an officer and want to get him for a robbery. He stole some money from a man. If you'll help me to get on to him, you'll square things up pretty well, and it'll be to your credit, too, helping an officer to do his duty in this way."

I did not say anything about Jim's smashing the man's head in with a brick. It was possible that Jennie had not heard of it, and if she thought she would be only getting the fellow a few months in jail she would co-operate more readily than if she thought she was helping to fit a hemp necktie round his neck.

"Well," she said with an oath, "he's done just a

little too much this time, and I'll help to put you on him. He's been laying round 'Rotten Row' for ten days. I saw him last night, and he gave me this pinch, the dirty beast, and told me to keep to my business. I'll show him what my business is, and he'll not be so darned fly in a hurry again."

"Where is he, over in the 'Row'?" I asked.

"That's more'n I can tell you. He's all over it, putting in a night here and a night there. He's laying low about something or other. Perhaps it's this thing you're after him for."

"Is he there every night?" I asked.

"That's more'n I can tell you, too. I see him last night, and I've seen him two or three times before. You see in that place you can slip through the walls between the houses and go in and out from a dozen places. The best thing for you is to come to my room and lay for him. He is likely to pass by there again and then you'll get him. There's a girl living in the 'Row' that he goes to see," and Jennie scowled and got a little fierce in her tones; "but if you went to her room and didn't catch him she'd put him up to your bein' after him and he'd light out."

Her plan seemed the best. I asked her if I could come over then, for she had got through her supper. She said yes, and I told her to walk ahead and wait in the passageway and I would come over in a few minutes. She pulled her shawl up over her shoulders and went over.

I followed in about five minutes. I found her waiting in the small hall, or rather entryway, and she led me upstairs. After two or three turns we came to her room. A passageway led in front of it.

"If he comes along from the stairs he'll make his

way through the wall there. If I were you I'd go through there and find out something about the turns, for if he gets a start on you you'll lose him easy in those twisted-up places."

I asked her to accompany me and I would go. We went through the wall, on to a landing in another house, then down the stairs into a dark, long passageway. This led into a room, from which another stairway went down to the back door, which opened on a small court, with old lumber and barrels in it.

Another house was entered on the other side, and we went up another stairway, then along another passage.

"If you go into that room you can cross over on the shed to a different house, or you can go into the left-hand back yard and through a house into Spring street. The other way lets out into Spring street, too."

I had noted every turn and winding in my mind. I was very glad I went over the way first, because it gave me a better show if I had to follow him in a hurry.

If he came from the other direction he had to go down-stairs or else into the upper story, from which there was no outlet to the other houses.

"Now, I'll stay here and watch," said I, putting myself behind the door and looking through the crack. This enabled me to see a little of the corridor and hide me.

"I know his step," said Jennie, "and I can tell as soon as I hear it on the stairs, in case he comes."

I waited there through the night and Jim didn't come. Nor did he put in an appearance the next day. Jennie got me something to eat, but it was a little

monotonous waiting and watching all the time for the man.

However, I was still at my watch the next night. I had snatched a cat-nap during the day for a few moments at a time when Jennie said he wasn't likely to come.

The hours wore away slowly. The girl got sleepy and also a little cross. I was afraid that she might weaken.

"Is this the way he goes when he wants to see the girl?" I asked, as a good way to keep up her interest.

"Yes. I hope he tries it to-night."

We watched and waited. About ten o'clock I caught the sound of footfalls on the stairs. "Listen," I said in a whisper to Jennie. "Is that his step?"

She pricked up her ear and listened. "There are two of them," she said, in a tone of disgust, "and I can't tell whether he is one or not."

I could detect the sound of two men coming. They had reached the top of the stairs.

"Stand in the open doorway, and if Jim is one of them speak to him. Try to get the other fellow to move on," I said, hurriedly, to Jennie.

She stepped quickly to the door and leaned against it, with it half open. I was immediately behind it.

The steps drew nearer. They were opposite the door now, and I could see the men in the passageway, dimly lighted with a dirty kerosene lamp.

"Hello, Jim! How are you to-night?" said Jennie.

The men stopped, and I heard a rasping voice say: "I'm all right. What's the matter?"

"Nothin'. I only wanted to speak to you. Nobody asked you to stay. Why don't you move on?"

This was said pretty sharply to the other man.

“What’s the matter with him?” said the rasping voice. “He’s my friend, and we’re both goin’ on.”

“Where are you going, Jim?” said Jennie.

“Going to see a girl that can discount you, Jen,” Jim answered. “She’ll pull my hair if I loaf around here talking to you.”

The steps moved on; the two men laughed over Jennie getting a dig in this style.

She shut the door to with a bang and said to me hurriedly: “He’s going to Sal Greene’s. Wait a few minutes till he gets up there, and I’ll show you where it is and you can nab him.”

I heard the footsteps pass along the passage and then stumble up a flight of stairs. They had not gone through the opening in the wall. I listened as well as I could to get some idea of the direction they took. I was not certain enough of Jim’s face to trust to my getting the right one of the two in the dim light, if I had sprung out on them. I had counted on Jim’s coming along alone, when there would have been some certainty. But if I had burst out on them they might have broken and run in opposite directions without me knowing which was Jim.

Jen’s plan seemed very good. She was in no danger of failing in her part, after the sharp jab Jim had given to her jealousy. She was down on him for going with the other girl and throwing her over, and she wanted to make him feel that he would have done better by sticking to her.

In five minutes Jennie said: “Come on! He is there by this time.”

She led the way, and I followed, both of us treading on tiptoe so as to make no noise. We went up a flight of stairs and stole along another narrow passageway.

Jennie pointed to a door at the end of it. "That's her room," she said. Even in her whisper there was an angry tone.

"Well, you go downstairs, and I'll collar him. It's just as well for him not to know you've been in it," I whispered back.

She slipped only half way down the stairs and waited,



"HIT HIM WITH THE CANDLESTICK," HE CRIED.

while I stepped lightly along towards the door, from the crack beneath which I saw a light. I opened it quickly and softly and stepped in, shutting it behind me.

A girl stood with her back to me at a black wooden bureau, with the upper drawer pulled out. Jim was sitting on a chair with his legs stretched out and his hands in his pockets. He tumbled to the thing at

once and knew I was an officer. He uttered an oath, sprang up and went for the window like a cat. He had the sash up and was half way out when I caught him.

I pulled him back into the room. He struggled fiercely to get away. He knew if he escaped from me all the chances were in his favor in that big, lumbering old hive.

The girl threw herself on me and pulled and tugged to get me away.

"Hit him with the candlestick. Crack him on the head with it," shouted Jim, struggling violently.

The girl sprang up and made for the bureau, where a big iron candlestick stood. But Jennie was on hand and proved a good friend. She had waited to learn the issue, and when she heard the struggle rushed in. She caught her rival, holding her so tightly she could not move. In the meantime I had got my right hand free and whipped out my pistol. When Jim felt the cool muzzle laid against his head it had a soothing effect, and I got the handcuffs on him without difficulty.

The pocketbook was in the drawer of the bureau wrapped up in an old pair of stockings.

The gentleman recovered, and when he got well enough to appear identified him as his assailant, and he was sent to meditate on his evil ways for a time in prison.

The old labyrinth of "Rotten Row" had shielded him long enough, and if he had broken away that night I dare say it would have helped him to get away from me. It is gone now, and it is no loss to respectable people.

I looked from the window to see how Jim had counted

on escaping. I found that it looked out on a roof not three feet away and projecting some distance. He meant to spring on this and clamber over it to some neighboring house and get down. He was as nimble as a cat, and though it was a desperate sort of chance it held out success to a man of nerve.

BURGLAR BILLY.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN PHILIP CASSIDY.



CAPT. PHIL. CASSIDY.

A NUMBER of burglaries had been committed on the west side by a very clever fellow. When the account of a burglary was given and the questions asked, which the case called for, it was found that in several instances where the house was most successfully "burgled," a young fellow had been to the house previously on some pretext or other.

His description was given often enough to make him a familiar image to a large number of the force. It was always the same man and they described him as follows: A young fellow of not more than twenty-three, light complexion and with a light mustache. He was five feet six inches in height.

His way of operating was to call at the house which he wanted to work and get some idea of how it was arranged and who lived there. In a house where lodgers

were taken he used to ask to look at the rooms and would inquire about the people who lived there, as if he wished to secure a room for himself. Frequently he would find a talkative landlady or servant girl, and by his adroit questions would get pretty well posted. So he knew how the rooms lay and which ones furnished the best results as a field to work.

Then that night, or two or three days later, he would go to the house and, by the help of false keys, make his way into it and go through some of the rooms, taking jewelry or money or such valuables as he could easily take off with him.

He got to be an object of much interest by his boldness and his success. It was a most desirable thing to capture him and put an end to his professional skill, which brought him in good returns, but which taxed the housekeeping portion of the community a good deal more than they cared for.

One day I was standing on the corner of Lexington avenue and Thirty-eighth street. While I was there a man passed along on the opposite side of the street. As I looked at him and saw that he was about five feet six inches high, with a fair complexion and light mustache, the idea took possession of me that he was the burglar who had been working the west side.

The description given of him tallied with this man, who was a young fellow about twenty-three. I decided to follow him and see if he did anything to confirm my suspicions.

He walked leisurely along Thirty-eighth street, looking now and then at one house or another. Finally he stopped at one between Second and Third avenues, rung the bell, and, after a few words with the servant, entered the house.

I waited in the neighborhood. After five or six minutes he came out and walked towards Second avenue. I noticed the number of the house which he had just left, and followed him.

He had not gone very far on Second avenue when he went up a flight of steps leading to a respectable four-storied house and went in. The door was open, because he did not ring but pushed it open and walked in as if he belonged to the place.

He had been in the house two or three minutes when a window on the second story was opened quickly, a woman thrust her head out and screamed: "Police! Police!"

I went into the house at once. I saw my young man coming down the stairs in a hurry. He took me in with a quick glance, but did not show any alarm. I mounted the stairs and he stood back against the wall as if to allow me to pass.

"Young man," I said, taking him by the arm, "there is a woman on the floor above who has just called for the police. I am an officer, and you will wait till I find out what she wants."

He seemed to consider whether it would be worth his while to try to bolt, but I kept a firm hold on his arm, and he concluded not to attempt to get away by any violent effort.

Before he had time to say anything the woman, who had seen me come into the house, came to the head of the stairs very much excited.

"Hold him!" she said. "I believe he is a thief. Bring him up here, if you are an officer, till we can see if he has taken anything."

I told the woman to lock the hall door and take the key out, so if there should be any other man he might

not get away. She did so, and sent the servant girl to watch the house, and see that no one left it that was not one of its regular inmates.

I then took the fellow into the room on the second floor.

"I was in the next room," said the woman, "and I heard some one moving about quietly in the front room. I knew that the gentleman and his wife who have this room were out, and the sound of somebody in there moving around so quietly made me think it was a burglar. I went to the door and saw this fellow. I knew he was not one of the people in the house, and I ran to the hall window and called for the police."

I searched the fellow there in the room. He had fully a hundred dollars' worth of jewelry in his pockets, which he had stolen from the bureau drawers. More he had not found time to take, as the woman had heard him and given the alarm too quickly. If I had not chanced to be so near the house the thief would probably have slipped down the stairs and got off without being caught.

I took the jewelry and kept it as evidence of the theft. I then brought the thief along with me. It was then a rule to bring offenders to headquarters.

On the way across Third avenue, I had a firm grip on his arm. But as we crossed the street I saw him make a movement with the other arm, and heard the click of something falling in a street-car which was passing.

I had the car stopped, and on the floor was a bunch of twelve burglar's tools, false keys and the like. Where he had them concealed about his person I do not know. But he knew that having them about him was enough to criminate him very seriously, and so

with his free hand he had managed to work them out. It was Summer and the windows of the horse car were open. Whether he meant to throw them in and hoped they would not be found or noticed in time to associate them with himself, or whether he had merely flung them away and they had chanced to fly into the car, I do not know. But I noticed the quick movement of his forearm and then heard the click of the falling tools. So his little scheme did not work.

When he was brought to headquarters the Superintendent knew him. He had been arrested and convicted once or twice already, although his burglaries had been very successful and he had only been suspected of them—he had never been caught in the act.

“You’ve got one of the worst rogues in New York, officer,” said the Superintendent. “Look out he doesn’t give you the slip and get away.”

So I took Billy (his name was Billy Wilson) off with me to put him in a cell where he would not be able to burglarize anything for some time. He was a cool chap, but he saw that he had been nabbed, and was not disposed to be very amiable. He was one of that sort of fellows who, when they can’t do any mischief, try to make matters as disagreeable as possible for everybody.

It was with this end in view that Billy made his next move. It was on Bleecker street, between Mott and Elizabeth streets. He suddenly dropped to the sidewalk, and, straightening himself out, said :

“Now, if you want to take me to the station-house you’ll have to carry me there—that’s all there is about it.”

He refused to get up, and lay there as limp as pos-

sible, grinning at the thought of the bother he was making for me.

"Get up!" I said.

"I won't," he said.

"I'll give you half a minute to get up and come along quietly."

"I'd sooner be carried," he said. "Pick me up and carry me."

It was pretty annoying, and something had to be done. It was a ridiculous sight enough to see him lie there and insist upon being carried. But it was clear he had to be brought to order. I brought him to a sense that he had better get up and move on by a little argument with my club. It was certainly a case where it was the only logic that could be appreciated.

He did appreciate that, however. After a few touches from it he concluded that the thing wasn't so funny as he thought it would be. He had delayed me a little, that was all.

"Hold on," he cried. "I guess I'd sooner get up and walk. Don't put yourself out any more with that club."

He got to his feet and walked along by my side. I kept a good hold and a sharp watch on him. He was quick and active, and I knew that with the prospect of a good term of retirement in Sing Sing, he would take any chances for an escape. I did not feel sure of him until I had got him in a cell and the door safely locked with him behind the bars.

On examination he was held in \$1,500 bail, and was finally sentenced to five years in Sing Sing.

It was a relief to the west side to know that they did

not have him to look out for. He had begun to get in his work on the east side, too.

He was a cool, quick-witted rogue and worked his plans well. The door of the house on Second avenue had been left slightly open by the servant girl who had been washing the hall and had run downstairs for a minute. He had counted on being able to get in some of the rooms, fill his pockets with things and get away before anybody noticed him.

It was a bold attempt, and if the woman had not chanced to hear the slight noise in the next room he would very likely have got away with a good amount of plunder as the result of his raid.

Sometimes chances are taken that are more dangerous than they seem. On one occasion a burglar was detected in the second story of a house. The floor below was occupied by a lager-beer proprietor.

When the thief saw that he was detected he ran to the window and jumped out. He struck on the awning hung over the windows of the saloon. He had a "jimmy" in his coat pocket, one end of which was pretty sharply pointed.

When he struck the awning and broke through he fell against the iron part of it. The "jimmy" was in his inside coat pocket and the coat was slewed around in such a way as to bring the sharp point directly against his side. It was driven into his body five or six inches. It had to be pulled out and the wound was a very ugly one.

He was taken to the hospital and the doctor examined his side.

"You can't do much for that," he said. "The man will never get over it."

"You blamed fool," exclaimed the fellow, "I'll go

out of this place as well as you are. I don't intend to pass in my checks this time."

He did go out of the hospital perfectly well, though he had a long siege with his wounded side. But it seemed as if his nerve and determination cured him more than any medicine or care. It seemed impossible that he should ever recover, but he was right in his prophecy, and got well.

It is a pity to see such grit and force in a man like that, when they could be used so much better by a respectable citizen.

“ZOE,”
THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.
A ROMANCE OF THE CIRCUS.

BY POLICE CAPTAIN JOHN GUNNER.

CHAPTER I.



CAPT. JOHN GUNNER.

NE spring evening, not very long ago, I had a little leisure and dropped into a circus performance given by a very good organization. There was the usual round of business—bareback riding, tumbling, juggling and the funny efforts of the clowns to arouse a laugh by their venerable gags.

The card of the evening, however, was “Senora Inez, the Queen of the Air.” She did her act with a young gymnast on a trapeze and rings suspended at the very top of the tent. The safety-net was swung below them, or otherwise the young woman’s feats would have excited too much trepidation for anyone to have found any pleasure in her daring. Climbing a high ladder to a perch, where she grasped a

swinging bar, then poised herself and swooped gracefully down, and as the swing reached its highest point on the opposite extremity of the arc she let go and went sailing through the air to where the young man was hanging from the trapeze, and he caught her. It was a very taking feat, and brought down the house every time it was performed.

Senora Inez was a graceful creature, beautifully formed, and as light as a butterfly. She wore pink



SHE SPRANG UP LIGHTLY AS A YOUNG FAWN.

tights and pink velvet trunks and bodice. Her small head had a tightly curling blonde wig on it, but her large, lustrous eyes were a burning black. The features were very pretty, and her rich olive complexion was set off by a rich color in her cheeks. Altogether, she was a very striking girl, a “Spanish blonde,” thanks to the aid of her yellow wig.

I was sitting in a position which commanded a full view of her face as she stood poising herself before

taking the downward sweep through the air. The moment she bounded into the ring and made her bow I felt sure I had seen her before, and when she had climbed to the top of the ladder and stood facing me, I was sure of it. But where? "Senora Inez" was an unfamiliar sound. I had to make allowance for her name, evidently assumed, and also for the effect of her trim little wig. I exercised my memory for a moment and suddenly it flashed on me who she was! The Queen of the Air was Zoe Escheverria!

After the act was completed I made my way round to the tent where the performers dressed, and after some red tape got in. Zoe was seated on a big green box, panting slightly after her exertions on the trapeze. She turned her head as she saw a stranger enter the tent, and as soon as she caught sight of me she sprang up as lightly as a young fawn, rushed over to me, and fairly hugged me, her face beaming with delight. "I am so glad to see you, Captain Gunner!" she exclaimed.

"And so you are a circus girl, after all, Zoe?" I said.

"Yes, and I like it. I couldn't rest satisfied in that other place," she answered.

Under the golden locks that clustered around the shapely head of "Senora Inez" was Zoe Escheverria's hair of a bluish black, and "Senora Inez" had a history with still more startling contrasts. I had become acquainted with it by virtue of my position. It is interesting and romantic enough to warrant the telling.

Some years ago, when Barnum's circus was at the Rink, Third avenue and Sixty-third street, his manager, Nathan, presented himself in my room at the station-house, accompanied by a girl fourteen years

old. She was dressed rather coquettishly in black and red, and wore a pointed lace hat, with two or three straight scarlet feathers in it. The costume was a little theatric, but it harmonized well with the dark eyes and rich olive complexion of the young Spanish beauty. She carried a riding whip in her hand.

“Captain Gunner,” said Nathan, “here is a young girl who came to me this morning and wanted to join the circus. She says she can ride and likes it, and wants to learn to be a circus woman. I have brought her to you, because she has run away from her home.”

The agent, after being assured that I would investigate the case and do my best for the girl, retired.

“Well, my little woman, what is your name?” I said to her gently.

“Zoe,” she answered frankly.

“Zoe what?” I continued.

“Zoe—Zoe Lord,” she replied, hesitating at the name.

“Zoe,” I said gravely, “you must tell me the exact truth. Nothing will be done to hurt you. But I cannot be of much help unless you let me know all about yourself.” I spoke with kindness, but decisively.

“Oh, Captain,” she exclaimed, impulsively, and drawing nearer to me, “I will tell you the whole thing. I said my name was Zoe Lord because I don’t know my name. I lived up in Rochester, and my father and mother and grandma were named Lord. But they’re not my father or mother, and I came to New York to try and find my mother.”

“Why, what is this, Zoe?” I said. “How do you know that Mr. and Mrs. Lord are not your father and mother?”

“Grandma told me so, and then I found out that it was so. I found this.”

She felt in the pocket of her showy dress and pulled

out a scrap of paper, which she handed to me, and, leaning on my knee, watched my face as I read it.

It was a small piece of paper, the right-hand side cut straight, the top and bottom cut, but not straight, and the left hand side was torn. Evidently it had been clipped from a small memorandum book. It read :

“NEW YORK, March 28, 18—.

“Received Zoe from Dr. E. P. Ledyard, to be held in charge until she marries or dies.

“CYRUS F. LORD.”



SHE LEANED ON MY KNEE AND WATCHED MY FACE AS I READ IT.

“Cyrus F. Lord is not a Spanish name, and this child has certainly plenty of Spanish blood,” I reflected, as I looked at the brilliant little brunette leaning on my knee.

“How did you find this? Where did you get it, Zoe?” I asked her.

“I got it out of papa’s book. I looked all through his papers and I found that about me. That is all I got.”

“How came you to such a thing as that?” I asked.

CHAPTER II.



ZOE.

HY, Captain, Grandma Lord used to get cross with me sometimes. I always used to like to ride a horse and play with the boys,” and the little maid dropped her eyes for a moment and blushed. “There was a circus came to Rochester and papa took me. And oh! it was nice to see those beautiful ladies sit on the horses and rush around the ring. I used to be fonder of getting on our horse than ever after that. I could ride him bareback if I sat on him like a boy. At the beginning of the week—it was Friday that Zoe came to my room with Barnum’s agent—I had been playing with the boys and riding the horse. I could climb a fence quicker than any of them except Tom Badger,” she said proudly, interrupting herself a moment and then going on. “I came in with my dress torn and my hair all tumbled down. Grandma used to sew my things up for me, and when she seen my dress all torn she got cross and said: ‘Zoe, you are an ugly little girl. You are not a nice girl at all. You are a tom-boy, and I am ashamed of you!’

“Oh, grandma,” said I, “don’t be so cross. I was only having a little fun and tore my dress.

“‘Fun!’ said grandma. ‘Nice fun for a girl. You are a naughty girl, and I’m not your grandma. My

son is not your father and his wife is not your mother. You're only a little girl that he took when you were a two-week-old baby. If you were my son's daughter you wouldn't be such an ugly-behaved child.'

"Grandma frightened me, and as soon as papa came home I went to him and said: 'Papa, grandma says she isn't my grandma and that you are not my papa.' Father got very angry, and gave grandma a piece of



"ZOE, YOU ARE NOT A NICE GIRL AT ALL."

his mind. 'What are you putting such notions into that girl's head for. It will only make trouble. What's the use? Yes, I am your father, Zoe, even if she won't be your grandma. Don't think any more about it. She was cross.'

"This didn't make me feel very much better, because after grandma had told me this I could see why Mrs. Lord had never seemed to be very fond of me. When papa, that is, Mr. Lord, was away the next day I

looked through his bureau drawers and read his letters and notebooks, and I found that. And, Captain, I came to New York to find my mother, because the paper is dated New York. Oh, won't you help me to find her?" she said pleadingly and putting her little hands on my shoulder.

"Why, of course, I will do all I can to find her," said I encouragingly, "but if you don't know any more about her than you have told me, it will be very hard to discover her."

"Why, I have heard them say the New York police can find out anything, and you are a Captain," she said, confidently.

I smiled in spite of myself at such perfect faith in the girl, but I patted her on the head and said cheerfully: "Well, the Captain will do all the work he can, Zoe. But how did you get here, and why did you try to join the circus if you want to find your mother?"

"I came down here from Rochester, and didn't know where to go. Somebody took me to a house on Thirty-sixth street last night. This morning I didn't know how to look for my mamma, and I found out the circus was here and thought I would get them to take me, because my money would be gone soon, and I could look for my mamma afterwards. Then the circus man brought me here."

The little girl looked distressed, and spoke with great directness. It was pretty hard to question her honesty. It was a blessing that she had not come to grief during her two days in New York. She was handsome and too well formed and mature for her years to make it safe for her to be wandering about New York. She was bright enough, but was perfectly unacquainted with city ways.

“You leave this paper with me, Zoe, and I will see what can be done. I will take you to a good lady who will be kind to you until I find out something, and you must be a good girl. If you promise me to be a good girl I will help you and do all I can to find your mamma if she is here. But if you won’t promise I shall not try to befriend you.”

“Oh, Captain, I will be good,” she said earnestly. I took her to Matron Webb and asked her to take charge of her until I called again. This she was willing enough to do, Zoe was such an interesting child.

I set about my task of finding Zoe’s mother. I had Dr. E. T. Ledyard’s name and found his address without any difficulty. It is hardly necessary to say that the names given in this narrative are fictitious ones as far as the principals go. Those who figure in this story, should their eyes fall upon it, will know the *dramatis personæ*, but no others can.

Dr. Ledyard lived in the subdued atmosphere which pervades — square. I took my detective, Phil Lambert, with me. When we got near the dignified residence of Dr. Ledyard I told Phil to cultivate the acquaintance of the coachman of a stable near by, and I went alone up to the door, rung the bell, and inquired for the doctor.

Happily he was in. I was ushered into a room evidently a library, for there were cases full of medical works on two sides of the room. A case full of surgical instruments was against one wall and a comfortable open fireplace had logs piled on the “dogs,” though the weather was not of a kind to call for artificial heat.

A gentleman nearly sixty years old, with a white mustache, fine forehead and dark eyes, was seated at a

table on which was a student's lamp. He bowed slightly.

“Dr. Ledyard?” I said, looking intently at his dark eyes and skin.

“Yes. Won't you be seated?”

I took a chair and placed my hat on the table before I spoke again. Then I said :

“Doctor, I am a police captain. Before I ask any questions about anything else, may I inquire if your memory is good.”

CHAPTER III.

"I think it is," he answered, a little stiffly, and I saw him shift his chair slightly, so as to bring himself more into the shadow.

"Then do you remember that fourteen years ago you gave a girl baby to Cyrus P. Lord, of Rochester?" I inquired, fixing my gaze steadily upon him.

A pallor came over his face, and he closed the fingers of his hand nervously. "What do you mean, Captain?" he said. "Do you know what you are saying?" His voice betrayed great agitation in spite of himself.

"Perfectly," I returned. "I have the girl in my charge, and I must ask your help to find her mother. There is no use in evading the issue, Dr. Ledyard. You know who is the mother of Zoe, and she must be found."

"Captain," he said, in an agitated tone, after a moment's pause, as if the name stirred strange memories in him, "the mother of the child is dead. Your request has startled me. Give me time to reflect, and I will see what can be done for the girl."

"Very well, doctor. When shall I call on you again?"

"I will send word to you very soon, when I have thought the subject out. You are fully aware that there are professional secrets. At present, all I can do is to beg you to leave me. You shall hear

from me soon. What has called into question the parental relation of Mr. and Mrs. Lord towards the child?”

“Doctor, I have the memorandum which states that the child was transferred by you to Cyrus Lord on the 28th of March, 18—, when she was only a fortnight old. She is an interesting girl, and has come to New York to find her mother, and Lord has formally trans-



“THEN DO YOU REMEMBER THAT FOURTEEN YEARS AGO?”

ferred her to my care. It would be better that what is right should be done without bringing the interested parties into a publicity which they would not like. Let me hear from you soon.”

As I left the doctor's house, he stood at the door and watched me down the street. I saw Phil in the shadow of the stable door, buzzing the stableman. As I passed, I removed my cap and passed my left hand

over my head. It was a most natural operation that warm evening. But it told Phil that he was to stay and "tail" the doctor.

About 12 o'clock the detective returned to the station-house and entered my room, where I was awaiting him.

"The doctor," he said, seating himself, "came out five minutes after you had left. He watched you till you were out of sight to see if you joined anybody or spoke to anyone. He walked hastily. I followed him. He went first to a very handsome house on — street, near Fifth avenue. He stayed there an hour and a half. There were no lights in the parlor, neither the front, nor back. So he must have gone upstairs where there was a bright light. After leaving this house he went up to another not quite as fine a one, on Lexington avenue. He stayed there an hour. Then he went home, lit the light in his bedroom and it burned till 11.15."

The next day I received a note from Dr. Ledyard. "Would I meet him at No. — West Sixteenth street at 2 o'clock?"

I would. I took Phil, my detective, with me and we went to the house designated at the appointed hour. We were ushered into a handsomely furnished drawing-room. Dr. Ledyard was sitting there, and a rather dignified, elderly gentleman was with him. They looked in a rather dissatisfied way at the detective.

"I thought this interview was to be strictly private," Dr. Ledyard said to me, with some asperity.

"You need have no fears on that head, doctor." I replied. "This gentleman is part of my official self

and I regard his presence as necessary, but everything will be strictly confidential.”

“This gentleman who is here,” said Dr. Ledyard, with a motion of his hand towards the old gentleman, who sat with a thoughtful expression on his face, “will relieve you of the little girl. He is married, but has no children, and for motives which it is unnecessary to enter on he is willing to take the girl, if she is an agreeable, docile child, and look after her.”

“Dr. Ledyard,” I said decisively, “I wish to restore the girl to her mother. If that mother is dead I should like proof of it. Until then I do not feel justified in letting Zoe go.”

The old gentleman and the doctor appeared a little disturbed by my answer, and made some slight protests, but I would not hear of anything different from the position I had taken. Finally Dr. Ledyard said :

“Possibly, Mr. Stone, if the Captain were to see Mrs. Stone, he might reconsider the thing.”

He looked anxiously at the old gentleman and there was a sort of pleading quality in his voice.

“Will you come to my house and speak with my wife?” Mr. Stone asked of me.

“Certainly,” I replied at once. We rose. There was a carriage at the door and we all entered it, Dr. Ledyard giving an address in a low tone to the coachman before he sprang in and closed the door. Phil and myself, of course, were not in our police dress.

The coachman drove us rapidly away. When we alighted, Mr. Stone and Dr. Ledyard preceded us up the steps.

"This is the second house he went to last night," said Phil to me in a whisper, as he mounted the steps behind them.

A liveried servant opened the door and we were shown into a spacious parlor. The furniture was of the richest kind. Carved wood, inlaid tables, marble statuary, beautiful tapestries hanging on the walls



A LADY WAS COMING DOWN THE BROAD STAIRCASE.

and handsome oil paintings showed that we were in the abode of wealth and luxury.

Mr. Stone excused himself and we sat down. He was gone some ten minutes. Dr. Ledyard fidgeted a little in his chair and seemed restless. Then the soft rustle of silken robes was heard. A lady was coming down the broad stairs. A moment later and she swept into the room.

She was a very handsome woman of thirty-two years of age, but she seemed even younger than that. With an easy carriage she moved towards a chair which Dr. Ledyard offered her with the punctilious manner of a gentleman of the old school. Her face evidently betrayed some stress of strong feeling, but she restrained any emotion she might have been laboring under.

“Mr. Stone tells me you have some scruple in consigning the child you have found to us. We have no family, and if the girl should prove as interesting as you say, I think we can promise you that we will properly provide for her interests.”

It was with an effort that she kept her eyes directed toward me, and her beautiful face was pale.

CHAPTER IV.

“Madam, now that I have met you I feel that the little girl will fare very well at your hands. Since Dr. Ledyard assures me that the mother of the child is dead,” I said, with a little stress on the words, “I think I may consider it a fortunate thing for her to fall into such fortune as to be cared for by you. I will bring the girl to see you, if you like.”

“Thanks. I shall be glad to see her. Can you bring her to-morrow morning?” she said, rising to terminate the present interview.

“Yes. I will be here with Zoe at 11, and if you will give me an assurance that you will take the responsibility of caring for her I shall be happy to consign her to your hands,” I said.

“I will be at home at 11,” the lady returned.

“You are sure you will not repent of your goodness?” I asked, smiling.

She smiled faintly herself and said: “I think I shall not.”

She bowed gracefully, but with the faint air of constraint, and Phil and myself took our leave.

As soon as we had gotten out of sight of the house Phil turned to me eagerly.

“My God, Capt. Gunner,” he said, “did you notice——”

“Of course I did,” I interrupted. “The same expression of the face, the same features, the same figure! I made that last remark on purpose to get her

to smile, and did you see how strong the likeness was then?”

“I should say I did,” said Phil. “I noticed the likeness the moment she came into the room. You would almost think it was Zoe.”

Mrs. Stone, except in the color of her eyes, which were a deep blue, and in her complexion, which was very fair, was the exact picture of Zoe! There was not the faintest trace of doubt in my mind that I had already found for the little girl her mother! No one could have seen the two for a moment without being struck by the extraordinary resemblance between them. I also settled in my mind that neither Mr. Stone nor Dr. Ledyard was father to the child. The Spanish in Zoe was too pronounced not to be an hereditary gift, and Mrs. Stone was a perfect type of the well-preserved American.

I called for Zoe the next morning and said to her: “Zoe, I am afraid you cannot find your mamma for some time, and perhaps you never may. You know she may be dead. But I have discovered a rich, kind lady who wishes to see you to-day and wants to have you come and stay with her. If you are good she may always keep you. It is not often, Zoe, that a girl has such an opportunity as you will have.”

Zoe assured me she would be very good. On our way to Mrs. Stone’s she asked me: “Captain, has that circus man who brought me to you been round again?”

“No. He hasn’t anything more to do with you now,” I answered.

“How long is the circus going to be at the Rink?” she asked next.

“Bother the circus, Zoe,” I said a little impatiently. “Put that out of your head now. The less you think about circuses or acting the better.”

When we got to Mrs. Stone's and were shown into the parlor Zoe was evidently struck by the splendor and richness of the room. Her eyes wandered about from object to object rapidly. But we were not kept waiting long. The plush portières that separated one room from another were parted and Mrs. Stone, dressed in some white trailing garment, appeared. Her eye fell on Zoe at once, and with a cry that was like a sob she



SHE CLASPED HER IN HER ARMS.

rushed towards the girl, her arms outstretched. She clasped her in her arms and, pressing her to her bosom, kissed her forehead and lips repeatedly, while the tears filled her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

Poor Zoe was somewhat abashed by the excessive warmth of the reception, and with a child's bashfulness failed to respond. I said nothing, and Mrs. Stone, realizing that she was betraying an emotion hardly justified by the situation so far as she fancied it known, seated herself and, taking Zoe's hand, said to me :

“I am very fond of children, Captain Gunner, and the thought of such a beautiful little girl being friendless in the world has moved me greatly. But I will take care of her now,” and she smiled sweetly on Zoe and drew her nearer. “You will leave her with me, won’t you, Captain?”

“Yes, madam; I see no reason why I should not. I feel that Zoe is a lucky girl to have found so kind a protectress. Zoe,” I continued, rising, “you must show you feel this good lady’s kindness by being a good girl and trying all you can to please her.”

With this I took my leave, Mrs. Stone still holding Zoe by the hand.

A week later Zoe came to see me at the station-house. She drove up in a coupé, and a footman opened the carriage door for her to get out. She was dressed quite differently from the time I first saw her. Instead of the gay red and black dress she wore some soft silk, covered with lace, and had on a sealskin sacque and coquettish cap of the same fur, while her small hands were daintily gloved.

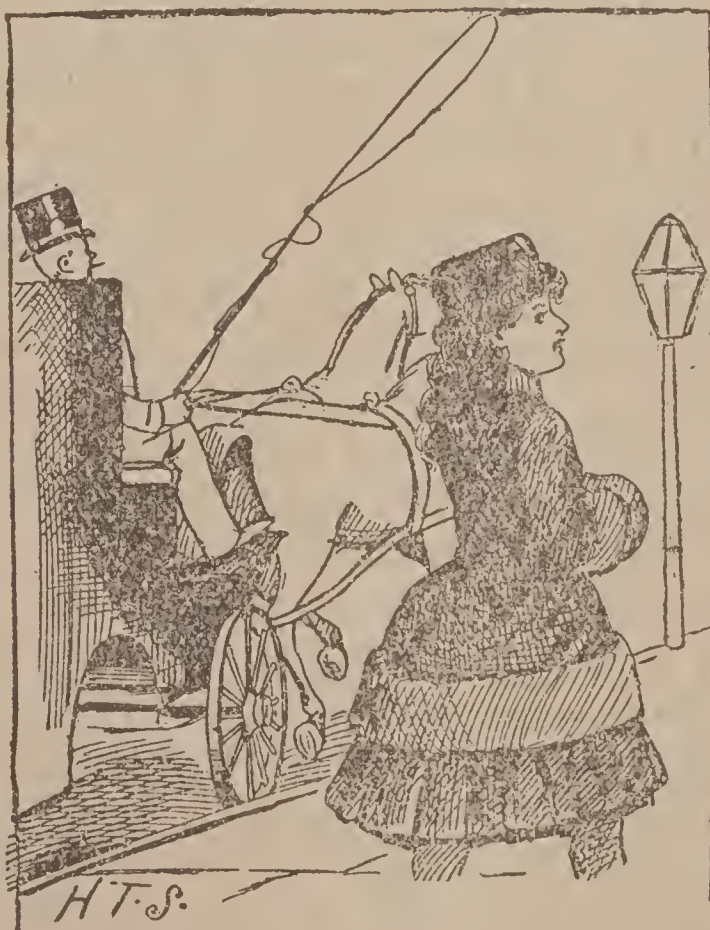
She came over to me impulsively, with a bright smile on her lips, and, throwing her arms around my neck, kissed me in the most artless fashion in the world. Then she sat down, pulled off her kid gloves a little impatiently, as if she were somewhat constrained by such coverings for her hands, and began to talk.

“Captain, it was so good of you to take me to such a dear lady. You see how I am dressed!” and she stretched out her hands gayly. “And I came here in a carriage, and a man in a long coat—the footman,” she said, correcting herself with dignity—“opened the door for me.

“It is the same way at home. Mrs. Stone cannot do enough for me. She comes into my room every night

and kisses me, and sometimes cries over me. Captain, why should she cry over me and be so fond of me?" she said curiously.

"Why, Zoe," I answered, "because she is fond of children and has none of her own, and then because you are a nice, pretty girl. Do you try to please her?"



ZOE CAME TO SEE ME AT THE STATION-HOUSE.

"Oh, yes," said Zoe. "Why, Captain, look at my hair," and she caught hold of the long jet black tresses, which had been carefully plaited, and pulled them around over her shoulder to show me. "A girl fixes it that way every day for me. She is my maid," and Zoe laughed again. It was like a fairy tale to the girl to be dropped into such luxury and affluence.

"What do the other people say and do?" I asked.

CHAPTER V.

Zoe sobered down a little as she answered: “Why, it seems to me as if Mr. Stone didn’t like me. He doesn’t speak to me very often, and is never very pleasant to me when I am around. Mrs. Harold—that is Mrs. Stone’s sister—has been very pleasant. And, oh, Captain,” Zoe ran on in her impetuous way, “she and another sister think I look like Mrs. Stone! ‘That is good,’ said Mrs. Harold, the other day, ‘you look like a younger sister of Emmeline.’ Isn’t that funny, Captain?” and she looked at me inquisitively.

“Yes,” I answered, “but these likenesses are common enough. They occur every day. You look a little like Mrs. Stone when you smile.”

“And that old gentleman who hangs over the mantelpiece in the parlor is Mrs. Stone’s father, and he lives in Providence and is very rich.”

Zoe talked herself out, and after an hour spent with me, waltzed off, the footman gravely opening the door of the coupé for her. She shot a merry glance back at me as she got in, as much as to say: “See him do that!” and the spirited span whisked Miss Zoe away.

A rich girl in Providence, a baby-girl with Spanish characteristics, put out to a man in Rochester when two weeks old by Dr. Ledyard, the dislike of the child which Mr. Stone showed, and the very sisters noticing the remarkable likeness of Zoe to Mrs. Stone—yes, it was a pretty complete romance. All that was needed was to know Zoe’s Spanish father.

A month later another carriage and liveried servants drove up to the station-house, and a very majestic lady,

richly dressed, sailed into my room. I offered her a chair, and, seating herself, she said to me :

“ Captain Gunner, I have a few words to say to you about the young girl whom you brought to my sister some time ago. Mr. Stone, for some reason, has taken a dislike to the child. He fears she has rather low tastes. She seems so fond of the circus, and I believe at one time she actually wanted to be a circus woman and ride around in a horrid sawdust ring !” The lady shuddered. “ Well, my sister asked me to allow Zoe to visit me for a few weeks in hopes that Mr. Stone’s irritation might disappear. She is fond of the girl herself ; so natural, you know !” the lady added hastily, using her handkerchief, “ she being childless and passionately fond of children. Then Zoe is a remarkably good-looking girl, that can’t be denied. But, Captain, I have become convinced that it was a mistake to take charge of her. I think Mr. Stone’s prejudice is somewhat unfounded. The girl has this passion for the circus, as I said.”

“ I have a son,” the lady went on, shifting herself a little in her chair and again wiping her lips with her lace handkerchief. “ He is a boy about nineteen. You know what boys of nineteen are, Captain,” said the lady with a smile. “ And I—am—afraid,” she said slowly, “ that Zoe is a little designing. I may as well say at once that I do not like to keep the girl any longer, and I feel convinced that Mr. Stone’s prejudice will not die out. So what we want you to do, Captain Gunner,” she said in the most engaging tones, “ is to send Zoe back to those good people in Rochester. We will see that they are compensated for taking charge of her and will provide liberally for her wants. Can’t you bring this about, Captain ?”

“Madam, I am very sorry, but I do not think I can,” I answered gravely.

“Why, there is no difficulty. The child has not yet got so accustomed to this novel change that she cannot be taken from it,” said Mrs. Harold quickly.

“Madam, I regret that I cannot do anything in this matter.”

“But why, Captain?” said the lady, excitedly. “You shall receive \$500 if you get the girl back to these Lords again,” she added in a low tone.

“Not for \$5,000,” I answered sharply.

“What are the reasons for your opposition?” said the lady nervously.

“I should prefer not to state them, madam, though I am not without good ones.”

“But I wish to know,” said Mrs. Harold, rising excitedly. “I beg of you to tell me, Captain. I must know.”

“Then, it is because Zoe is your own niece and Mrs. Stone is her mother,” I said, slowly and distinctly.

Mrs. Harold’s eyes had grown large and she gasped as she heard me half through, and when I finished she fainted dead away. If I had not caught her she would have fallen to the floor.

I applied the usual restoratives, and after some moments she came to. When she regained consciousness I thought she would faint again, but she controlled herself and did not.

“Captain, how did you discover this dreadful secret?” she asked, tremulously.

“Why, madam, how can anyone look on the two and fail to perceive the striking likeness?” I answered.

“There is only the different coloring in the girl which she owes to her Spanish father.”

Mrs. Harold winced and moaned.

“ You are right. No one could fail to perceive it. Oh, my God ! after concealing this scandal for years, how dreadful if it should be revealed now ! Poor Emmeline ! The miserable Cuban who wrought her such harm was handsome enough to make it conceiv-



SHE WOULD HAVE FALLEN IF I HAD NOT CAUGHT HER.

able. But he was a coarse villain. After the wrong he did to that trusting, beautiful girl, he demanded a hundred thousand dollars before he would make her his wife. My father was a wealthy man, but to pay such toll to a villain, who would probably be a vile husband to our darling, was too much. He refused, but he paid the wretched Escheverria \$5,000 a year to

keep the secret. Happily,” and Mrs. Harold’s eyes snapped, “he was killed the very first year—stabbed to the heart and killed instantly—by an infuriated brother, who, I am glad to say, was exonerated by a Southern jury on the ground of emotional insanity. Dr. Ledyard and myself transferred the baby to the Lords, and they were ignorant who was the mother of the child.

“Mr. Stone had lost his first wife. He was an intimate friend of my father and had always admired Emmeline. He wished to marry her. She refused unless he were first acquainted with her misfortune. He generously condoned it, and she has made him the best of wives. But the presence of that child is more than he can bear. And what wonder!

“Captain, you know now why I am so anxious to have the girl put elsewhere. Of course, you will regard this as strictly between ourselves. I thought if you knew the whole story you would be moved to help us.”

“Madam, I sympathize most heartily with you. But you do not need my services. I need take no share in anything you wish to do. I promise you, however, I will not oppose your actions. My share in the business is over.”

She composed herself as well as possible and left me. The carriage rolled away and I have not seen Mrs. Harold from that day to this.

A year later somebody writing to me from Rochester said: “There was a circus here lately, and that girl of Lord’s, who ran away to New York or somewhere, is one of the performers. She is a dandy, too, and does a splendid trapeze act, one of the best I’ve seen in a show.”

Dr. Ledyard I have seen once or twice. He said that Zoe had left the Stones' bewitched by the desire of figuring in the ring. Mr. Stone's dislike and the coldness of Mrs. Harold had probably helped to drive the girl to taking this course, although Dr. Ledyard said nothing of that.

At the time I saw her so unexpectedly she was pleased with her profession and certainly was an admirable performer. Whether she has ever suspected her relationship to Mrs. Stone or not I do not know. She said nothing to lead me to think she had.

But I cannot help thinking that when Mr. Stone dies Zoe's mother will try to get the "Queen of the Air" to forsake her daring feats in the circus ring and will take her to Europe and live. The mother's love in her heart is too strong to die out, and Senora Zoe can hardly resist the pleading of a mother's voice when she knows it to be such.

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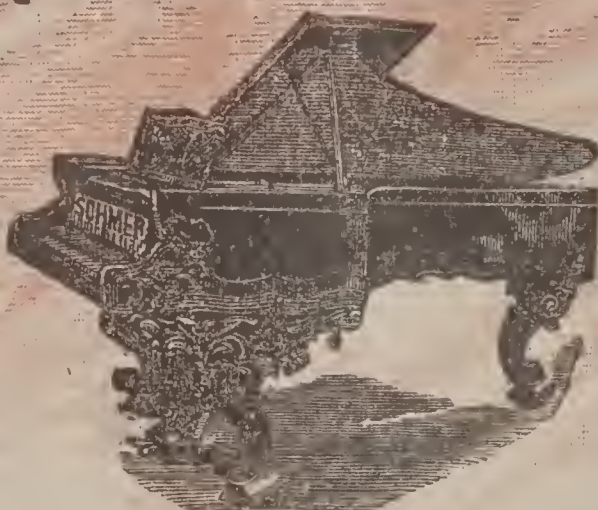
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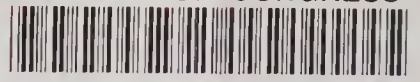
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